P LE E

You can send this Review free to the Troops from any Post Office. See page iii of cover

1/- Net MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

LIBRARY OCT UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

OCTOBER 1915

Poetry	**W. H. Davies**
	Mary Webb
	Gilbert Waterhouse
England, My England	**D. H. Lawrence**
The Friends	**Stacy Aumonier**

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

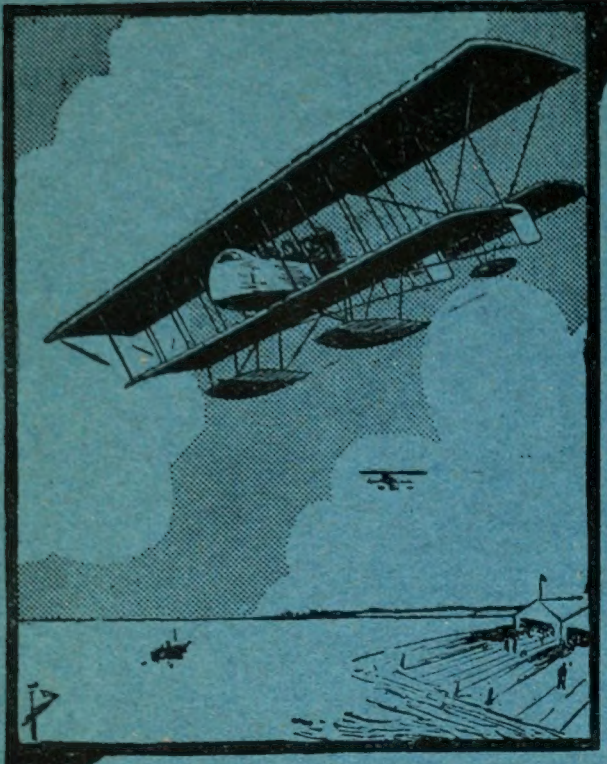
The Pomp and Circumstance	**H. M. Tomlinson**
Commercial Boycotts and Policies	**H. M. Hyndman**
An Evening in a Dublin Pub	**William Orpen**
Music and War-Kultur	**Marian Cox**
Between Actions	**A.H.M.**
Off with the Blinkers!	**Austin Harrison**
Mr. Thomas and Labour	
A Germano-British Association Meeting and Address	**By a British Member**
Finance and the Government	**Raymond Radclyffe**

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: 15/- POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

All rights reserved

LONDON
17-21, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY.
Funds, £23,500,000.
Chief Offices: 61, Threadneedle St., LONDON. 64, Princes St., EDINBURGH



The HENRY FARMAN SEAPLANE is a biplane of the pusher type, that is to say the propeller pushes the machine from behind the main planes. It has been evolved by Henry Farman, one of the first Europeans to fly. The engine is an 80-h.p. Gnome and the whole machine is so reliable as to have earned the nickname, "The mechanical cow." The pilot and passenger have comfortable quarters in a NACELLE which is built out from the front of the machine.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and are sold in two strengths:

GOLD LEAF.	MEDIUM.
100 for 3/-; 50 for 1/6	100 for 2/3; 50 for 1/1½

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE

Is a development of the ORIGINAL PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

Player's Navy Cut De Luxe is the outcome of many years' experience and is probably the best Pipe Tobacco yet offered to the public. It is perfectly accurate to describe it as being manufactured from not only the best growths of Virginia but from the selected leaves of those best growths.

Packed only in 2-oz. and 4-oz. Airtight Tins at 1/2 and 2/4 respectively.

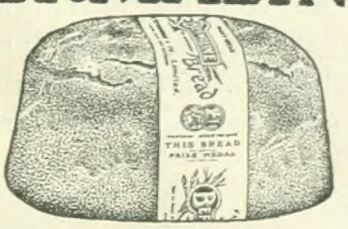
FOR WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN MILITARY HOSPITALS AT HOME AND FOR THE FRONT AT DUTY FREE RATES. Terms on application to JOHN PLAYER AND SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P523

BERMALINE BREAD
helps the whole family to
"rise superior" to the chills and
changes of autumn. SAMPLE LOAF
free from
Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow.

BERMALINE



Dentamint

It is one thing to be blessed with perfect teeth, and another thing to keep them so. Dentamint, our special preparation, will help you in this direction.

Send a postcard asking for Free Sample.

CUXSON, GERRARD & Co., Ltd.,
OLDBURY, Worcestershire.

Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

After weeks of eager expectation and much speculation as to whether the Parisian designers held any surprises for the Autumn, the London shops have brought forth a host of novelties which are being displayed with such lavish profusion that the West End is infinitely more interesting just now than it has been for several months past. On every side one comes across some new fashion or some striking innovation that arrests attention and demonstrates the fact that, in spite of the troublesome times in which we are living, the shopkeepers of the Metropolis are doing their utmost to keep the trade of the country in a flourishing condition.

Simplicity and Good Taste the Order of the Day

¶ The undoubted smartness of these Autumn displays does not, however, indicate that dress is anything like so elaborate or so extravagant as it has been in the immediate past. With little or no entertaining taking place, one naturally finds colours are more subdued, and that less *outré* modes are the order of the day. Still it is the very simplicity of the present fashion that constitutes their charm, rendering them universally becoming to the average Englishwoman, who for years past has not looked so well dressed as she does this season attired in the neatest and most practical of coat and skirts or wearing the quiet-toned frocks and simple evening toilettes which are so universally adopted.

Fashions to make a note of

¶ Of course, in all these costumes and evening dresses the short skirt reigns supreme. Reaching to the top of the boots for day wear, and lifted some eight or ten inches off the ground for evening, these are made with wide-spreading, circular hems, and it is astonishing to note how very becoming the new fashion is, now that the best designers have taken it in hand and modified its original eccentricities. Worn with skirts of this description are dainty bodices that show a slightly nipped-in waist-line and tiny out-flaring basques no bigger than frills. All the new coats, whether they be long or short, emphasise the same fascinating nipped-in waist, and finish in outstanding basque hems which are extremely youthful in effect and very becoming to women of all ages.

Innovations from Paris

¶ From the best French houses come models that point to the return of the once popular leg of mutton sleeve, and although many women still persist in wearing the comfortable open flare collar that has held sway for so long, the leaders of fashion are unanimous in declaring that by this time next year every collar will be high and tight-fitting.

RELIABLE FURS

at quite exceptional prices

SEAL MUSQUASH FUR COAT, (*as sketch*). A new model, made from selected skins, with handsome skunk collar, lined rich fancy silk. Special Summer price **16½** gns.

Or without skunk collar **14½** gns.

In Natural Musquash with skunk collar **15½** gns.

In black Russian Foal with skunk collar **13½** gns.

REAL WHITE FOX FUR, (*as sketch*), in full clear silky skins. Exceptional quality and value **6½** gns.

Muff to match **7** gns.

The set complete **13** gns.

The same shape Fur Set in fine Black Timber Wolf, closely resembling black fox. Stole **65/6**. Muff **63/-**

The Set complete **£5 . 19 . 6**

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY,

Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street, London, W.

Already the smartest effects are achieved by women who bravely adopt collars that fit close up under their chins and have two high points that cover the tip of the ear on either side.

For the rest, severe tailor-mades continue to carry all before them, several of the most up-to-date tailors using fine black velour cloths for their new Winter models. Very dark shades of chestnut-brown *velour de laine* is also being used for making coats and skirts, while the ubiquitous navy blue serge of finest make seems to have taken on a fresh lease of life. Needless to say, the popularity of the ubiquitous coat and skirt has had much to do with the revival of the smart model blouse which, carried out in dark shades of satin or ninon, seems to supply a felt want at the present moment, as models of this description seem to supply so many needs. Not only will a well-chosen blouse of this kind transform the most ordinary coat and skirt into an up-to-date three-piece toilette, suitable for visiting purposes or for wear at Winter luncheon-parties, but it is equally handy for wear under a fur coat; while in its more elaborate guise the really dressy blouse is invaluable for theatre or restaurant wear.

An Ideal Blouse for a Blue Serge Costume

¶ Hitherto London has been a long way behind Paris where models of this description are concerned, for although the principal London shops display a multitude of cheap, well-made tailored shirts and sports blouses, the more elaborate type have up to now only been procurable at ruinous prices. This season, however, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove are making a great speciality of really beautiful copies of the latest and most elaborate Parisian blouses which they are selling at prices that bring them within the reach of all buyers. Here one finds blouses of all sorts and colours suitable for every occasion. Indeed, one can obtain as large a choice in these showrooms as is procurable anywhere in Paris, for by special arrangement everything that is newest in this direction will, this season, be on show here. Amongst many delightful modes one finds a blouse that would be ideal for wearing with a navy blue serge costume. This is made of marine-blue taffeta worked with gold tinsel flowers, the fronts and the big loop armholes being stitched with gold silk, while a soft blue ninon vest and long, semi-transparent sleeves finished off with the new white net ruff cuffs and a high upstanding ruff Napoleon collar, made also of white net, finishes off the neck.

The New Russian Smock Blouse

¶ One likewise finds examples of the new blouses that are fashioned of ninon and have short little taffeta bolero coatees, which are the fad of the moment for afternoon wear in Paris. One of these carried out in pale lemon ninon with a bolero of navy taffeta is exceptionally attractive, while some exquisite blouses made of delicate shades of heavy *crêpe de chine* trimmed most daintily with insertions of very fine and narrow Valenciennes lace should not be overlooked by the woman who delights in dainty clothes. Other models comprise some beautiful blouses fashioned of the new

Georgette ninon, which demonstrate the charms of the new deep-pleated muslin collars and cuffs. A Russian blouse-tunic is another decided novelty for which it is safe to prophesy an assured success. This new model is carried out in white charmeuse, and is startlingly *chic*. Shaped like a peasant's smock or a sailor's jumper, it has a deep sailor collar edged with a narrow border of skunk-like fur. The same trimming borders the wide cuffs and the edge of the hem that falls loosely to the hip-line. A dark brown silk lace fastens the blouse in front like a sailor's blouse, while the only attempt at defining the waist-line is by means of a narrow girdle belt of the satin that buckles low down beneath the waist-line. Worn with a skirt of dark brown *velour de laine* or one made of white cloth, or even a black velvet skirt, the new blouse is very *chic* and fascinating.

Fascinating Coloured House Coats

¶ Writing of blouses brings one to the question of the new house-coats that are made of heavy quality *crêpe de chine*. These were mentioned a short time ago in these columns, and since then their fame has travelled abroad until they are now a craze of fashion. Introduced by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, the blouse-coat supplies a felt want, for not only is it the ideal wrap to wear over a thin blouse now that the mornings are chilly, but, carried out in rich colours and in all manner of picturesque designs, many of which are trimmed with borderings of furs and caught in place by artistic sash belts, these smart little coats are fast taking the place of the more elaborate and less useful lace and ninon tea-jackets.

Sunshine Yellow and Venetian Red Rest Gown for Evening Wear

¶ If the elaborate tea-coat is no longer first in favour, the tea-gown is enjoying more than its usual share of popularity, for this season it has made its reappearance in a far more practical and less sloppy variety than hitherto. No longer is it to be confused with a glorified dressing-gown, for one finds the new models are of such fascinating designs that a great many women are adopting them in place of evening gowns for home wear. At Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's one comes across rest- and tea-gowns *de luxe* at absurdly low prices. Indeed, nothing is more astonishing than the price asked for the most beautiful models made of bright shade of chiffon velvet, such as sunshine yellow, flame colour, and bright Venetian red. In the latter colouring one can especially recommend a beautiful gown carried out in a new kind of silk that is something between a *crêpe de chine* and charmeuse. This model is cut on long, graceful lines—the waist indicated by a narrow belt let in with fancy beading, and the sole trimming a deep pointed hood collar of Venetian red chiffon velvet which is brought over the shoulders in the form of two wide stole-like ends that cross over below the waist and fasten behind like a sash. Almost devoid of fastenings, this gown is easily slipped on, and is particularly restful to wear. Other more elaborate models are made in embossed satins brocaded in silver and gold, which are

marvels of cheapness; while dainty little pink and white underslips or simple robe-gowns suitable for a *débutante's* wear are other bargains to be found here. Shot taffeta rest-gowns of more elaborate make showing dainty flounce and pannier effects are also on sale, as well as some fairy-like confections carried out in thin silver and white brocade trimmed with fine lace and silver bead ornaments.

Up-to-Date Petticoats

¶ With all these gowns as well as with smart day and evening frocks and tailor-mades for street wear, the brilliant-hued and much flounced petticoat is once more being worn. At Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's one comes across the latest Parisian fancies in this direction, fashioned of every kind of fabric from soft, uncrushable taffeta made with flounces of *pierrette* points to petticoats of coloured ninon that have flounces trimmed with dainty *rouleux* of the same material. For evening wear there are some extremely beautiful petticoats made of very rich-looking silk lace, and trimmed with narrow strappings of the soft white satin. Equally attractive for day or evening wear are very well-shaped petticoats made with silk woven tops and deep *crêpe de chine* frills or flounces which will doubtless appeal to a great many buyers.

Novelties in Autumn Millinery

¶ And so one might go on writing indefinitely concerning matters sartorial, for after a comparative cessation of new fashions there seems an infinity of novelties to be mentioned this Autumn. In the realm of millinery alone all kinds of new ideas are coming to the fore. Already the high-crowned hat which is a modified copy of those associated with Welsh national costume, seems to have scored a distinct success. These are going to be immensely popular this season, as are also the high, close-fitting toques made of velvet, or silk, beaver, or panne, that most becoming of all millinery fabrics. Infinitely more becoming and far newer are some smart little fur caps finished off with uptilted lace brims which are extremely fascinating, and which suit the majority of wearers. These hats are anything but cheap, but they possess undoubted distinction, and are sure to be adopted by a great many well-dressed women. One model of great beauty is fashioned with a small skull cap of the best ermine relieved by a stiffly-wired brim of fine black lace, the only trimming being a creamy rose of small proportions, the petals made of aerophane, and each one lightly powdered with mother-o'-pearl sequins. This rose is set closely on to the fur crown, and imparts a delightfully *chic* appearance. Another hat of the same variety is fashioned of skunk with a slanting black lace brim wired stiffly into position. Other new models suggest the return of the real picture hat which has been lost sight of for so long, but which has now returned to fashion carried out in panne with a wide flare brim that turns up unexpectedly at one side.

Amongst the favourite trimmings used for the new Autumn hats one notices ostrich feathers are once again back in favour, while

there is a vogue for small, flat wings of extremely brilliant colour, which are set on the brims of the new low-crowned dark blue and black velvet sailor hats, which throughout all changes of fashion manage to hold their own in a wonderful manner.

A New Idea for Flowers

¶ Novelties, however, do not stop outside the sartorial world. The Autumn season sees all kinds of things of utmost interest to the housekeeper. One of these is a new Upchurch pottery, which is made in Kent, and reproduces the lovely old Corean colourings in dull shades of blue-grey, and lovely tones of ivory, which in many cases are just flushed with tones of violet, green, gold, or rich purple and reds. The effect is very beautiful, and this pottery has the merit of forming the most wonderful background for flowers, all coloured blossoms looking far more beautiful when arranged in these bowls and vases than in anything else. At Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, where the Upchurch pottery is on sale, all kinds of experiments have been tried in the arrangement of various-hued flowers in the new bowls and vases, with the result that those who are interested in table or room decoration are able to pick up all manner of hints for new decorative and floral schemes from this source—the firm using their beautiful Mayfair artificial flowers for this purpose with extraordinary good effect.

Chinese Art applied to Candle Shades

¶ Another novelty of particular interest to hostesses is the exhibition of Chinese and Japanese art as applied to lamp- and candle-shades that is attracting so many people to the lamp- and candle-shade department at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's just now. Here are to be found some wonderful examples of old Chinese and Oriental designs and colour schemes applied to shades of all sorts and descriptions, many of them so beautiful that they rival the artistic merit of the old Chinese and Oriental porcelain decorations. Extremely bright and vivid in colouring, yet beautifully harmonious, these shades possess the greatest decorative value, and do wonders in introducing an artistic note into the most ordinary and commonplace of rooms.

Regiment Badge Photo Frames

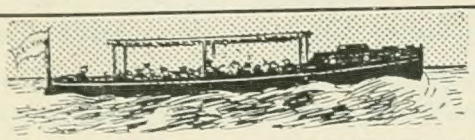
¶ Another invention of artistic merit also to be found at this same shop are some photo-frames made of white or coloured satin decorated with regimental badges that are partly worked and partly painted on to the frame. The effect is extremely good, and strikes a high decorative note that is well in keeping with the present time. These frames can be ornamented with any badge of the Army or Navy or with any crest or monogram, and they promise to rank amongst the most popular of all Christmas presents this year.

A Labour-Saving Invention

¶ Even at the risk of repeating oneself one cannot help mentioning at a time like the present, when every household is intent upon the saving of labour, the value of a novel type of table knife that calls for no cleaning save washing. These knives are far more decorative than ordinary table knives, for they have silver plate

incorporated with the steel, which gives them a peculiarly bright and attractive appearance; while, unlike most knives of this kind, they can be sharpened in the same way as ordinary steel knives are. In ordinary households their use is of inestimable value, as it does away completely with the use of knife boards, knife machines, and cleaning powders of all kinds; while in large hotels, in restaurants, clubs, or boarding houses, the new knives ensure such a practical economy that the services of a knife boy may completely be dispensed with, the knives requiring no more cleaning than ordinary spoons and forks do.

When making inquiries or writing to the above-named firms kindly mention the ENGLISH REVIEW.



KELVIN

MOTOR LAUNCHES

Delivered from Stock

24 Standard Models

Write for New List.

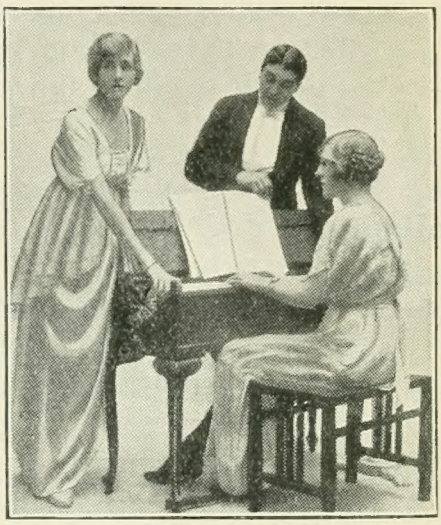
BERGIUS LAUNCH & ENGINE CO., Ld.

255, Dobbies Loan, GLASGOW.

The Cigarette of To-Day.

THE CLIFFORD

Of all High-Class Tobacconists. . .

Special BLEND for Ladies.

THE . .

DULCITONE

PATENT PORTABLE PIANO

Accompaniment Always Available,
NEVER REQUIRES TUNING.
Unaffected by Extreme Climates.
USED ON BRITISH WARSHIPS.
The only Piano possible for Travellers.
SHIPPED ABROAD EVERYWHERE.
Weight from 30 lbs. Prices from **£12** up.
Lists free from Sole Makers:
THOS. MACHELL & SONS,
53, Great Western Rd., GLASGOW.

"ARCANUM" CUTLERY.

KNIVES THAT NEVER REQUIRE CLEANING IN A MACHINE OR ON A BOARD.

The **Prize Medal "Arcanum" Dinner and Cheese Knives** require no cleaning other than washing. Unaffected by Climate or Sea air. Are not stained by Vinegar or other Acids. Unequalled as a Present. **"Arcanum" Tea Knives** also a Speciality.

A Clean Sharp Knife, always Ready for Use!

If unobtainable locally, send post card for particulars to the Inventor and Sole Manufacturer,
JEFFERSON READ, "Arcanum" Cutlery Works, Augusta St., Birmingham.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE EIGHTY-THIRD NUMBER

		PAGE
1. W. H. DAVIES 2. MARY WEBB 3. GILBERT WATERHOUSE	Poetry	233
4. D. H. LAWRENCE	England, My England	238
5. STACY AUMONIER	The Friends	253

[*Contents continued on page* xi

MACMILLAN'S NEW BOOKS.

FOURTEENTH THOUSAND.

ORDEAL BY BATTLE. By F. S. Oliver. 8vo. 6*s.* net.

THE OBSERVER.—"Mr. Oliver's book is one which no honest mind can read without receiving deep impressions, and which no patriotic pen can discuss just now without considerable restraint."

OWEN WISTER'S NEW BOOK.

THE PENTECOST OF CALAMITY. By Owen Wister. Author of "The Virginian," etc. Crown 8vo. 2*s.* net.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE.—"We know, gratefully, the view of the mass of the American people on the great ordeal which we are now driving through, in blood and fire. It is expressed with a high power, a calm clearness, and a heartfelt conviction in this little book."

H. G. WELLS'S NEW LONG NOVEL.

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT. By H. G. Wells. Extra crown 8vo. 6*s.*

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"It is the story of a man 'who wanted to understand the collective life of the world.' This is a big canvas, and it may confidently be said that no one but Mr. Wells would have tried to fill it, or would have succeeded if he had tried. . . . The whole is one of the best things Mr. Wells has done."

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S NEW NOVEL.

THE EXTRA DAY. Extra crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Mr. Blackwood's new book takes the form of a charming child's story, and while it certainly strikes a note which children may be expected to hear and understand, it may safely be said that it will strengthen the hold which this writer possesses over adult readers.

BY AUTHOR OF "THE CROCK OF GOLD."

THE ADVENTURES OF SEUMAS BEG: THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN. Verses for Children. By James Stephens, Author of "The Crock of Gold," etc. Crown 8vo. [*October 19th.*

THE IBEX OF SHĀ-PING, AND OTHER HIMALAYAN STUDIES. By Lieut. L. B. Rundall, 1st Gurkha Rifles (killed in action Dec. 19th, 1914). With numerous Pen and Ink Sketches and Coloured Plates by the Author. Crown 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

Macmillan's Announcement List Post Free on application.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

Now Ready

A BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY

Edited by GEORGE BEAUMONT, M.A.

A CHOICE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Including a large number of copyright pieces by modern poets

560 double-column pages Cloth **3/6** net Over **1000** Poems

Also in fine gilt cloth, gilt top, 5/- net; and in Persian Morocco Roxburghe, gilt top, 7/6 net

A GUIDE TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

ITS HISTORY, DEVELOPMENT, AND USE

By a Staff of Distinguished Living Authorities. Questions as to the right use of our language arise every day, and it is remarkable that no other book exists which deals with every branch of the subject

480 double-column pages, cloth, 5/- net "This encyclopaedic work."—*The Journal of Education*

London and Edinburgh T. C. & E. C. JACK And all Booksellers

A correspondent writes :

"Just a line to congratulate you on your weekly issues since the War began. It is my intention to keep them and bind them. Others may prefer the elaborate pictorial records which are appearing in great numbers, but those who wish for a plain, sane, unvarnished story of the great war week by week told in good, common-sense English can't do better than secure the WEEKLY WESTMINSTER."

For those who wish a weekly review of the operations of the war, together with literary reviews and much matter of general interest, there is no better medium than

THE SATURDAY WESTMINSTER

PRICE ONE PENNY.

On Sale Everywhere.

Send a postcard for specimen copy to THE PUBLISHER, Tudor House, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.
Maps by JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly.*
"Far superior to ordinary guides."—*London Daily Chronicle.*

"A brilliant book."—*The Times.*
"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*
"Most emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic.*
Sixth Edition, Revised, 6/-. 60 Illustrations. 24 New Maps and Plans (with Indexes of 10,000 References).

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.
Thoroughly Revised by SIR EDWARD T. COOK.

100 Illustrations, Maps and Plans, 3/6.
PARIS, LYONS, and the RIVIERA.

60 Illustrations, 12 Maps, 5/-.
NORTH WALES.

100 Illustrations, 12 Maps, 5/-.
DEVON AND CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2/6.
NORTH DEVON AND NORTH CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2/6.
SOUTH DEVON AND SOUTH CORNWALL.

1/- MOTOR-CAR ROAD BOOK AND THE HOTELS OF THE WORLD.

Visitors to Edinburgh, Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, St. Leonards, Worthing, Bournemouth, Exeter, Torquay, Paignton, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Exmoor, Falmouth, The Lizard, Penzance, Land's End, Scilly Islands, St. Ives, Newquay, Tintagel, Clovelly, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Minehead, Bideford, Wye Valley, Severn Valley, Bath, Weston-super-Mare, Malvern, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Llandrindod Wells, Brecon, Ross, Tintern, Llangollen, Aberystwyth, Towyn, Barmouth, Dolgelly, Harlech, Criccieth, Pwllheli, Llandudno, Rhyl, Conway, Colwyn Bay, Penmaenmawr, Llanfairfechan, Bangor, Carnarvon, Beddgelert, Snowdon, Llanberis, Treflan, Bettws-y-coed, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Norfolk Broads, Buxton, Matlock, The Peak, Isle of Wight, and Channel Islands, should use

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS, 1s. EACH.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.
London: SIMPKINS; THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus.
THE TIMES BOOK CLUB, 376-384, Oxford Street, London, W.
Paris and New York: BRENTANO'S. Melbourne: GORDON & GOTCH. The Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

Issued in aid of the French Parliamentary Fund for the relief of the Invaded Departments.

SECOND IMPRESSION. NOW READY. *At all Booksellers. Fcap. 4to. 5s. net.*

THE BOOK OF FRANCE

Containing Contributions by French and English Authors and Artists of the first eminence.

EDITED BY WINIFRED STEPHENS

and published under the auspices of an Honorary Committee presided over by

HIS EXCELLENCY MONSIEUR PAUL CAMBON

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

CONTENTS (*continued*)

		PAGE
THE WAR OF LIBERATION		
6. H. M. TOMLINSON	The Pomp and Circumstance	272
7. H. M. HYNDMAN	Commercial Boycotts and Policies	283
8. WILLIAM ORPEN	An Evening in a Dublin Pub	295
9. MARIAN COX	Music and War-Kultur	301
10. A.H.M.	etween Actions	312
11. AUSTIN HARRISON	Off with the Blinkers !	317
12. AUSTIN HARRISON	Mr. Thomas and Labour	324
13 BY A BRITISH MEMBER	A Germano-British Association Meeting and Address	328
14. RAYMOND RADCLYFFE	Finance and the Government	332

UNTRODDEN FIELDS OF ANTHROPOLOGY, by Dr. JACOBUS. Observations on the Esoteric Manners and Customs of Semi-Civilised Peoples. Two 4to. vols., with 24 large-sized tinted Illustrations. **£3 3s.**

A PLEA FOR POLYGAMY. 8vo. vol. of 280 pages. **10s. 6d.**

THAÏS, by ANATOLE FRANCE. Romance of the beautiful Actress and repentant Courtesan of the Byzantine Empire. Large 8vo. vol. with 21 copper-plate etchings. **21s.**

APHRODITE, by PIERRE LOUYS. Powerful, historical Romance. Small 8vo. vol., with 97 charming Illustrations. Cloth bound. **21s.**

A SPAHI'S LOVE STORY, by PIERRE LOTI. Translated into English for the first time Illustrated. **15s.**

THE SORCERESS, by JULES MICHELET. A Study in Middle-Age Superstition, Black Mass, the Witches' Sabbath and Diabolic Possession. Fine 8vo vol. Cloth bound. **10s. 6d.**

THE SWORD AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE MORAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF WOMEN. Clever, historical work. Fine 8vo. vol., with etched Frontispiece. **21s.**

THE SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS. A Brilliant and Complete Translation attributed to OSCAR WILDE (with Notes and Introduction by an Oxford M.A.). **£1 11s. 6d.**

TORTURES AND TORMENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS. With 46 full-page Illustrations. A marvellous book, extraordinary records. **21s.**

PASSION AND CRIMINALITY, by JUDGE PROAL. A wonderfully detailed study of the Crimes of Love and Jealousy. Large 8vo. cloth bound vol. **21s.**

On Sale at THE PARIS BOOK CLUB

11 Rue de Chateaudun, PARIS.

A few Copies only for disposal.

THE "OXFORD" SECTIONAL BOOKCASE.

"THE OXFORD SECTIONAL BOOKCASE is an ideal one for anybody who is building up a library. It is splendidly finished, with nothing of the Office stamp about it, and is made in many varieties. The booklet issued by the inventors and manufacturers, Messrs. William Baker & Co., the library specialists of Oxford, gives particulars of every description of these bookcases, from the simple variety suitable to a small room, to one fitted with bureau sections and filling the walls of a good-sized library."—*The World*, March 10th.

Catalogue may be obtained free from the Sole Makers—

WILLIAM BAKER & CO., *Library Specialists*, OXFORD

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

A good, honest, wholesome tobacco—old fashioned, but choicely good. Too good for any but very honest men.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Limited, Glasgow.

"King's Head" is stronger.

Both are sold at 6½d. per oz. and are obtainable everywhere.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

Medium ... 3d. for 10

No. 424

Facing first matter.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
OCTOBER, 1915

Three Poems

By W. H. Davies

The Power of Silence

AND will she never hold her tongue,
  About that feather in her hat;
  Her scarf, when she has done with that,
And then the bangle on her wrist;
  And is my silence meant to make
Her talk the more—when she is kissed?

At last, with silence matching mine,
  She feels the passion deep and strong,
  That fears to trust a timid tongue.
Say, Love—that draws us close together····
  Isn't she the very life of Death?
No more of bangle, scarf or feather.

Kitty and I

The gentle wind that waves
  The green boughs here and there,
Is showing how my hand
  Waved Kitty's finer hair.

The Bee, when all his joints
  Are clinging to a Blossom,
Is showing how I clung
  To Kitty's softer bosom.

The Rill, when his sweet voice
  Is hushed by water-cresses,
Is Kitty's sweeter voice
  Subdued by my long kisses.

Those little stars that shine
  So happy in the skies,
Are those sweet babes I saw,
  Whose heaven was Kitty's eyes.

The Moon, that casts her beam
  Upon the hill's dark crest,
Is Kitty's whiter arm
  Across my hairy breast.

The hazel nuts, when paired
  Unseen beneath the boughs,
Are Kitty and myself;
  Whenever Chance allows.

The Inquest

I took my oath I would enquire,
  Without affection, hate, or wrath,
Into the death of Ada Wright—
  So help me God! I took that oath.

When I went out to see the corpse,
  The four months babe that died so young,
I judged it was seven pounds in weight,
  And little more than one foot long.

One eye, that had a yellow lid,
  Was shut—so was the mouth, that smiled;
The left eye open, shining bright—
  It seemed a knowing little child.

For as I looked at that one eye,
  It seemed to laugh, and say with glee:
"What caused my death you'll never know—
  Perhaps my mother murdered me."

When I went into court again,
  To hear the mother's evidence—
It was a love-child, she explained,
  And smiled, for our intelligence.

"Now, Gentlemen of the Jury," said
  The coroner—"this woman's child
By misadventure met its death."
  "Aye, aye," said we. The mother smiled.

And I could see that child's one eye
  Which seemed to laugh, and say with glee:
"What caused my death you'll never know—
  Perhaps my mother murdered me."

An Old Woman

By Mary Webb

They bring her flowers—red roses heavily sweet,
White pinks and Mary-lilies and a haze
Of fresh green ferns; around her head and feet
They heap more flowers than she in all her days
Possessed. She sighed once—"Posies aren't for me;
They cost too much."
Yet now she sleeps in them, and cannot see
Or smell or touch.

Now in a new and ample gown she lies—
White as a daisy-bud, as soft and warm
As those she often saw with longing eyes,
Passing some bright shop window in a storm.
Then, when her flesh could feel, how harsh her wear!—
Not warm nor white.
This would have pleased her once. She does not care
At all to-night.

They give her tears—affection's frailest flowers—
And fold her close in praise and tenderness:
She does not heed. Yet in those empty hours
If there had come, to cheer her loneliness,
But one red rose in youth's rose-loving day,
A smile, a tear,
It had been good. But now she goes her way
And does not hear.

Sonnet

By Gilbert Waterhouse

COMING in splendour thro' the golden gate
Of all the days, swift passing, one by one,
Oh, silent planet, thou hast gazed upon
How many harvestings, dispassionate?
Across the many-furrowed fields of Fate,
Wrapt in the mantle of oblivion,
The old, grey, wrinkled Husbandman has gone,
Sowing and reaping, lone and desolate—
The blare of trumpets, rattle of the drum,
Disturb him not at all—He sees,
Between the hedges of the centuries,
A thousand phantom armies go and come,
While Reason whispers as *each* marches past,
"This is the last of wars,—this is the last!"

England, My England

By D. H. Lawrence

I.

The dream was still stronger than the reality. In the dream he was at home on a hot summer afternoon, working across the little stream at the bottom of the garden, carrying the garden path in continuation on to the common. He had cut the rough turf and the bracken, and left the grey, dryish soil bare. He was troubled because he could not get the path straight. He had set up his sticks, and taken the sights between the big pine-trees, but for some unknown reason everything was wrong. He looked again through the strong, shadowy pine-trees as through a doorway, at the green garden-path rising between sunlit flowers, tall purple and white columbines. Always, tense with anxiety, he saw the rising flowery garden and the sloping old roof of the cottage, beyond the intervening shadow, as in a mirage.

There was the sound of children's voices calling and talking: high, childish, girlish voices, plaintive, slightly didactic, and tinged with hard authoritativeness. "If you don't come soon, Nurse, I shall run out there where there are snakes."

Always this conflict of authority, echoed even in the children! His heart was hard with disillusion. He worked on in the gnawing irritation and resistance.

Set in resistance, he was all the time clinched upon himself. The sunlight blazed down upon the earth; there was a vividness of flamy vegetation and flowers, of tense seclusion amid the peace of the commons. The cottage with its great sloping roofs slept in the for-ever sunny hollow, hidden, eternal. And here he lived, in this ancient, changeless hollow of flowers and sunshine and the sloping-roofed house. It was balanced like a nest in a bank, this hollow home, always full of peace, always under heaven

only. It had no context, no relation with the world; it held its cup under heaven alone, and was filled for ever with peace and sunshine and loveliness.

The shaggy, ancient heath that rose on either side, the downs that were pale against the sky in the distance, these were the extreme rims of the cup. It was held up only to heaven; the world entered in not at all.

And yet it was none of it true. His wife, whom he loved, who loved him—she goaded him. She was young and beautiful and strong with life; she moved with a slow grace of energy like a blossoming tree in motion. She, too, loved their hollow with all her heart. And yet she was against him, fierce with talons of iron, to push him out of the nest-place he had made. Her soul was fierce as iron against him, thrusting him away, always away. And his heart was hard as iron against her in resistance.

They never put down their weapons for a day now. For a few hours, perhaps, they ceased to be in opposition; they let the love come forth that was in them. Then the love blazed and filled the old, silent hollow where the cottage stood, with satisfaction and magnificence.

But it passed in a few hours; only the cottage with its beauty remained like a mirage. The reality was the tension of the silent fight between him and his wife. He and she, as if fated, were armed and exerting all their force to destroy each other.

There was no apparent reason for it. He was a tall, thin, fair, attractive man of the middle class, who, never very definite or positive in his action, had now set in rigid obstinacy of negation. He kept rigid within himself, never altering nor yielding, however much torture of repression he suffered.

Her ostensible grievance against him was that he made no money to keep his family; that, because he had an income of a hundred and fifty a year, he made no effort to do anything at all—he merely lived from day to day. Not that she accused him of being lazy; it was not that; he was always at work in the garden; he had made the place beautiful. But was this all it amounted to? They had three children; she had said to him, savagely, she would have no more. Already her father was paying for the children's nurse, and helping the family at every turn.

What would they do without her father? Could they manage on a hundred and fifty a year, with a family of three children, when they had both been brought up in plenty, and could not consider pennies? Living simply as they did, they spent two hundred and fifty a year; and now the children were tiny; what would it be when they had to go to school? Yet Evelyn would not stir to obtain any more.

Winifred, beautiful and obstinate, had all her passion driven into her conscience. Her father was of an impoverished Quaker family. He had come down from Newcastle to London when he was a young man, and there, after a hard struggle, had built up a moderate fortune again. He had ceased to be a Quaker, but the spirit persisted in him. Of strong, sensual nature, he had lived according to the ideas of duty inculcated upon him, but his active life had been coloured by a very worship of poetry and of poetic literature. He was a business man, but by nature he was sensual, and he was on his knees before a piece of poetry that really gratified him. Consequently, whilst he was establishing a prosperous business, at home he diffused the old Quaker righteousness with a new, æsthetic sensuousness, and his children were brought up in this sensuous, æsthetic heat, which was always, at the same time, kept in the iron grate of conventional ethics.

Winifred had loved her husband passionately. He came of an old south-of-England family, refined and tending towards dilettantism. He had a curious beauty of old breeding, slender and concentrated, coupled with a strange inertia, a calm, almost stoic indifference which her strong, crude, passionate, ethical nature could not understand. She could not bear it that their marriage, after all the tremendous physical passion that had convulsed them both, should resolve gradually into this nullity. Her passion gradually hardened into dissatisfaction. She wanted some result, some production, some new active output into the world of man, not only the hot physical welter, and children.

Gradually she began to reject her husband. What did he stand for? She had started with a strange reverence for him. But gradually a sense of frustration came up strong in her. He was so strangely inconclusive. Her robust, undeveloped ethical nature was foiled by him.

Then came the tragedy. They had three children, three fair-haired flitting creatures, all girls. The youngest was still a baby. The eldest, their love-child, was the favourite. They had wanted a boy in place of the others.

Then one day this eldest child fell on a sharp old iron in the garden and cut her knee. Because they were so remote in the country she did not have the very best attention. Blood-poisoning set in. She was driven in a motor-car to London, and she lay, in dreadful suffering, in the hospital, at the edge of death. They thought she must die. And yet in the end she pulled through.

In this dreadful time, when Winifred thought that if only they had had a better doctor at the first all this might have been averted, when she was suffering an agony every day, her husband only seemed to get more futile and more false. He stood always in the background, like an exempt, untouched presence. Or when he came near her, he only wanted the physical contact with her, the passion. It nearly drove her mad. She went to her father for all advice and for all comfort. Her father brought the specialist to the child; her father came to Winifred and held his arm round her and called her his darling, his child, holding her safe, whilst all the time her husband stood aloof, futile, neutral. For this horrible neutrality, because of the horrible paralysis that seemed to come over him in these crises, when he could do nothing, she hated him. Her soul shrank from him in a revulsion. He seemed to introduce the element of horror, to make the whole thing cold and unnatural and frightful. She could not forgive him that he made the suffering so cold and rare. He seemed to her almost like a pale creature of negation, detached and cold and reserved, with his abstracted face and mouth that seemed shut in aversion.

The child recovered, but was lame. Her leg was stiff and atrophied. It was an agony to both the parents, they who lived wholly by the physical life. But to the mother it was an open, active grief; to him it was silent and incommutable, nihilistic. He would not speak of the child if he could help it, and then only in an off-hand, negligent fashion. So the distance was finally unsheathed between the parents, and it never really went away. They were

separate, hostile. She hated his passivity as if it were something evil.

She taunted him that her father was having to pay the heavy bills for the child, whilst he, Evelyn, was idle, earning nothing. She asked him, did he not intend to keep his own children; did he intend her father to support them all their lives? She told him, her six brothers and sisters were not very pleased to see all the patrimony going on her children.

He asked her what could he do? She had talked all this out with her father, who could easily find a suitable post for Evelyn; Evelyn ought to work, everybody said. He was not idle; why, then, would he not take some regular job? Winifred spoke of another offer—would he accept that? He would not. But why? Because he did not think it was suitable, and he did not want it. Then Winifred was very angry. They were living in London, at double expense; the child was being massaged by an expensive doctor; her father was plainly dissatisfied; and still Evelyn would not accept the offers that were made him. He just dodged everything, and went down to the cottage.

Something crystallised in Winifred's soul. She alienated herself from him. She would go on alone with her family, doing everything, not counting her negative husband, who could only be physical. Yet she wanted him.

This was the state of affairs for almost a year. The family continued chiefly in London; the child was still being massaged, in the hope of getting some use back into the leg. But she was a cripple; it was horrible to see her swing and fling herself along, a young, swift, flame-like child working her shoulders like a deformed thing. Yet the mother could bear it. The child would have other compensation. She was alive and strong; she would have her own life. Her mind and soul should be fulfilled. That which was lost to the body should be replaced in the soul. And the mother watched over, endlessly and relentlessly brought up the child when she used the side of her foot, or when she hopped, things which the doctor had forbidden. But the father could not bear it; he was nullified in the midst of life. The beautiful physical life was all life to

him. When he looked at his distorted child, the crippledness seemed malignant, a triumph of evil and of nothingness. Henceforward he was a cipher. Yet he lived. A curious corrosive smile came on his face.

II.

It was at this point in their history that the war broke out. A shiver went over his soul. For weeks he had held himself fixed, so that he was impervious to attack. His wife was set fast against him. She treated him with contempt. She would not mend his clothes, so that he went about with his shirt-shoulders slit into rags. She would not order his meals. He went to the kitchen and got his own. There was a state of intense hard hatred between them. All the time, he let himself be despised. The children were tentative and uncertain, or else defiant and ugly. The house was hard and sterile with negation. Only the mother gave herself up with ethical rigour to look after the children and to discipline her own flesh.

Yet the husband and wife were in love with each other. Or, rather, each held all the other's love dammed up.

The family was down at the cottage when war was declared. He took the news in his indifferent, neutral way. "What difference does it make to me?" seemed to be his attitude. Yet it soaked in to him. It absorbed the tension of his own life, this tension of a state of war. A flicker had come into his voice, a thin, corrosive flame, almost like a thin triumph. As he worked in the garden he felt the seethe of the war was with him. His consciousness had now a field of activity. The reaction in his soul could cease from being neutral; it had a positive form to take. There, in the absolute peace of his sloping garden, he was aware of the positive activity of destruction, the seethe of friction, the waves of destruction seething to meet, the armies moving forward to fight.

The next time he went indoors he said to his wife, with the same thin flame in his voice:

"I'd better join, hadn't I?"

"Yes, you had," she replied; "that's just the very thing. You're just the man they want. You can ride and shoot, and you're so healthy and strong, and nothing to keep you at home."

She spoke loudly and confidently in her strong, pathetic, slightly deprecating voice, as if she knew she was doing what was right, however much it might mean to her.

The thin smile narrowed his eyes; he seemed to be smiling to himself, in a thin, corrosive manner. She had to assume all her impersonal righteousness to bear it.

"All right——" he said in his thin, jarring voice.

"We'll see what father says," she replied.

The thin smile fixed on the young man's face.

The father-in-law approved heartily; an admirable thing for Evelyn to do, he thought; it was just such men the country wanted. So it was the father-in-law who finally overcame the young man's inertia and despatched him to the war.

Evelyn Daughtry enlisted in a regiment which was stationed at Chichester, and almost at once he was drafted into the artillery. He hated very much the subordination, the being ordered about, and the having no choice over quite simple and unimportant things. He hated it strongly, the contemptible position he occupied as a private. And yet, because of a basic satisfaction he had in participating in the great warrior motion, he was a good soldier. His spirit acquiesced, however he despised the whole process of becoming a soldier.

Now his wife altered towards him and gave him a husband's dignity; she was almost afraid of him; she almost humbled herself before him. When he came home, an uncouth figure in the rough khaki, he who was always so slender and clean-limbed and beautiful in motion, she felt he was a stranger. She was servant to his new arrogance and callousness as a soldier. He was now a quantity in life; he meant something. Also he had passed beyond her reach. She loved him; she wanted his recognition. Perhaps she had a thrill when he came to her as a soldier. Perhaps she too was fulfilled by him, now he had become an independent Self, military and of free licence.

He received her love and homage as tribute due. And he despised himself even for this. Yet he received her

love as tribute due, and he enjoyed it. He was her lover for twenty-four hours. There was even a moment of the beautiful tenderness of their first love. But it was gone again. When he was satisfied he turned away from her again. The hardness against her was there just the same. At the bottom of his soul he only hated her for loving him now he was a soldier. He despised himself as a soldier, ultimately. And she, when he had been at home longer than a day, began to find that the soldier was a man just the same, the same man, only become callous and outside her ethical reach, positive now in his destructive capacity.

Still they had their days of passion and of love together when he had leave from the army. Somewhere at the back was the death he was going to meet. In face of it they were oblivious of all but their own desire and passion for each other. But they must not see each other too often, or it was too great a strain to keep up, the closeness of love and the memory of death.

He was really a soldier. His soul had accepted the significance. He was a potential destructive force, ready to be destroyed. As a potential destructive force he now had his being. What had he to do with love and the creative side of life? He had a right to his own satisfaction. He was a destructive spirit entering into destruction. Everything, then, was his to take and enjoy, whilst it lasted; he had the right to enjoy before he destroyed or was destroyed. It was pure logic. If a thing is only to be thrown away, let anybody do with it what he will.

She tried to tell him he was one of the saviours of mankind. He listened to these things; they were very gratifying to his self-esteem. But he knew it was all cant. He was out to kill and destroy; he did not even want to be an angel of salvation. Some chaps might feel that way. He couldn't; that was all. All he could feel was that at best it was a case of kill or be killed. As for the saviour of mankind: well, a German was as much mankind as an Englishman. What are the odds? We're all out to kill, so don't let us call it anything else.

So he took leave of his family and went to France. The leave-taking irritated him, with its call upon his loving constructive self, he who was now a purely destructive prin-

ciple. He knew he might not see them again, his wife and children. But what was the good of crying about it even then. He hated his wife for her little fit of passion at the last. She had wanted it, this condition of affairs; she had brought it about; why, then, was she breaking up at the last? Let her keep a straight face and carry it on as she had begun!

There followed the great disorder of the first days in France, such a misery of chaos that one just put up with it. Then he was really engaged. He hated it, and yet he was fulfilling himself. He hated it violently, and yet it gave him the only real satisfaction he could have in life now. Deeply and satisfactorily it fulfilled him, this warring on men. This work of inflicting death alone satisfied his deepest desire.

He had been twice slightly wounded in the two months. Now he was again in a dangerous position. There had been another retreat to be made, and he remained with three machine-guns covering the rear. The guns were stationed on a little bushy hillock just outside a village. Only occasionally—one could scarcely tell from what direction—came the sharp crackle of rifle fire, though the far-off thud of cannon hardly disturbed the unity of the winter afternoon.

Evelyn was working at the guns. Above him, in the sky, the lieutenant stood on the little iron platform at the top of the ladders, taking the sights and giving the aim, calling in a high, tense voice to the gunners below. Out of the sky came the sharp cry of the directions, then the warning numbers, then "Fire!" The shot went, the piston of the gun sprang back, there was a sharp explosion, and a very faint film of smoke in the air. Then the other two guns were fired, and there was a lull. The officer on the stand was uncertain of the enemy's position. Only in the far distance the sound of heavy firing continued, so far off as to give a sense of peace.

The gorse bushes on either hand were wintry and dark, but there was still the flicker of a few flowers. Kissing was never out of favour. Evelyn, waiting suspended before the guns, mused on the abstract truth. Things were all abstract and keen. He did not think about himself or about his wife, but the abstract fact of kissing being

always in favour interested and elated him. He conceived of kissing as an abstraction. Isolated and suspended, he was with the guns and the other men. There was the physical relationship between them all, but no spiritual contact. His reality was in his own perfect isolation and abstraction. The comradeship, which seemed so close and real, never implicated his individual soul. He seemed to have one physical body with the other men; but when his mind or soul woke, it was supremely and perfectly isolated.

Before him was the road running between the high banks of grass and gorse. Looking down, he saw the whitish, muddy tracks, the deep ruts and scores and hoof-marks on the wintry road, where the English army had gone by. Now all was very still. The sounds that came, came from the outside. They could not touch the chill, serene, perfect isolation of the place where he stood.

Again the sharp cry from the officer overhead, the lightning, perfectly mechanical response from himself as he worked at the guns. It was exhilarating, this working in pure abstraction. It was a supreme exhilaration, the finest liberty. He was transported in the keen isolation of his own abstraction, the physical activity at the guns keen as a consummation.

All was so intensely, intolerably peaceful that he seemed to be immortalised. The utter suspension of the moment made it eternal. At the corner of the high-road, where a little country road joined on, there was a wayside crucifix knocked slanting. So it slanted in the absolute. Looking out across the wintry fields and dark woods, he felt that everything was thus for ever; this was finality. There appeared a tiny group of cavalry, three horsemen, far off, very small, on the crest of a field. They were our own men. So it is for ever. The little group disappeared. The air was always the same—a keen frost immovable for ever.

Of the Germans nothing was to be seen. The officer on the platform above waited and waited. Then suddenly came the sharp orders to train the guns, and the firing went on rapidly, the gunners grew hot at the guns.

Even so, even amid the activity, there was a new sound. A new, deep "Papp!" of a cannon seemed to fall on his palpitating tissue. Himself he was calm and unchanged

and inviolable. But the deep "Papp!" of the cannon fell upon the vulnerable tissue of him. Still the unrelenting activity was kept up at his small guns.

Then, over the static inviolability of the nucleus, came a menace, the awful, faint whistling of a shell, which grew into the rushing, tearing shriek that would tear up the whole membrane of the soul. It tore all the living tissue in a blast of motion. And yet the cold, silent nerves were not affected. They were beyond, in the frozen isolation that was out of all range. The shell swung by behind, he heard the thud of its fall and the hoarseness of its explosion. He heard the cry of the soldier to the horses. And yet he did not turn round to see. He had not time. And he was cold of all interest, intact in his isolation. He saw a twig of holly with red berries fall like a gift on to the road below and remain lying there.

The Germans had got the aim with a big gun. Was it time to move? His superficial consciousness alone asked the question. The real *he* did not take any interest. He was abstract and absolute.

The faint whistling of another shell dawned, and his blood became still to receive it. It drew nearer, the full blast was upon him, his blood perished. Yet his nerves held cold and untouched, in inviolable abstraction. He saw the heavy shell swoop down to earth, crashing into the rocky bushes away to the right, and earth and stones poured up into the sky. Then these fell to the ground again; there was the same peace, the same inviolable, frozen eternality.

Would they move now? There was a space of silence, followed by the sudden explosive shouts of the officer on the platform, and the swift training of the guns, and the warning and the shout to "Fire!" In the eternal dream of this activity a shell passed unnoticed. And then, into the eternal silence and white immobility of this activity, suddenly crashed a noise and a darkness and a moment's flaring agony and horror. There was an instantaneous conflagration of life and eternity, then a profound weight of darkness.

When faintly something began to struggle in the darkness, a consciousness of pain and sick life, he was at home in the cottage troubling about something, hopelessly and

sickeningly troubling, but hopelessly. And he tried to make it out, what it was. It was something inert and heavy and hopeless. Yet there was the effort to know.

There was a resounding of pain, but that was not the reality. There was a resounding of pain. Gradually his attention turned to the noise. What was it? As he listened, the noise grew to a great clanging resonance which almost dazed him. What was it, then?

He realised that he was out at the front. He remembered the retreat, the hill. He knew he was wounded. Still he did not open his eyes; his sight, at least, was not free. A very large, resounding pain in his head rang out the rest of his consciousness. It was all he could do to lie and bear it. He lay quite still to bear it. And it resounded largely. Then again there returned the consciousness of the pain. It was a little less. The resonance had subsided a little. What, then, was the pain? He took courage to think of it. It was his head. He lay still to get used to the fact. It was his head. With new energy he thought again. Perhaps he could also feel a void, a bruise, over his brow. He wanted to locate this. Perhaps he could feel the soreness. He was hit, then, on the left brow. And, lying quite still and sightless, he concentrated on the thought. He was wounded on the left brow, and his face was wet with stiffening blood. Perhaps there was the feel of hot blood flowing; he was not sure. So he lay still and waited. The tremendous sickening, resounding ache clanged again, clanged and clanged like a madness, almost bursting the membrane of his brain.

And again, as he lay still, there came the knowledge of his wife and children, somewhere in a remote, heavy despair. This was the second, and deeper, reality. But it was very remote.

How deep was the hurt to his head? He listened again. The pain rang now with a deep boom, and he was aware of a profound feeling of nausea. He felt very sick. But how deep was the wound in his head? He felt very sick, and very peaceful at the same time. He felt extraordinarily still. Soon he would have no pain, he felt so finely diffused and rare.

He opened his eyes on the day, and his consciousness

seemed to grow more faint and dilute. Lying twisted, he could make out only jumbled light. He waited, and his eyes closed again. Then he waked all of a sudden, in terror lest he were able to see nothing but the jumbled light. The terror lest he should be confronted with nothing but chaos roused him to an effort of will. He made a powerful effort to see.

And vision came to him. He saw grass and earth; then he made out a piece of whiteness with its tufts of wintry grass; he was lying not far from it, just above. After a while, after he had been all the while unrelaxed in his will to see, he opened his eyes again and saw the same scene. In a supreme anguish of effort he gathered his bearings and once more strove for the stable world. He was lying on his side, and the high-road ran just beneath. The bank would be above. He had more or less made his bearings. He was in the world again. He lifted his head slightly. That was the high-road, and there was the body of the lieutenant, lying on its face, with a great pool of blood coming from the small of the back and running under the body. He saw it distinctly, as in a vision. He also saw the broken crucifix lying just near. It seemed very natural.

Amid all the pain, his head had become clear and light. He seemed to have a second being, very clear and rare and thin. The earth was torn. He wanted to see it all.

In his frail, clear being he raised himself a little to look, and found himself looking at his own body. He was lying with a great mass of bloody earth thrown over his thighs. He looked at it vaguely, and thought it must be heavy over him. He was anxious, with a very heavy anxiety, like a load on his life. Why was the earth on his thighs so soaked with blood? As he sat faintly looking, he saw that his leg beyond the mound was all on one side. He went sick, and his life went away from him. He remained neutral and dead. Then, relentlessly, he had to come back, to face the fact of himself. With fine, delicate fingers he pushed the earth from the sound leg, then from the wounded one. But the soil was wet with blood. The leg lay diverted. He tried to move a little. The leg did not move. There seemed a great gap in his being. He knew that part of his thigh was blown away. He could not think of the great bloody mess. It seemed

to be himself, a wet, smashed, red mass. Very faintly the thin being of his consciousness hovered near. A frail, fine being seemed to be distilled out of the gaping red horror. As he sat he was detached from his wounds and his body.

Beyond his knowledge of his mutilation he remained faint and isolated in a cold, unchanging state. His being had become abstract and immutable. He sat there isolated, pure, abstract, in a state of supreme logical clarity. This he was now, a cold, clear abstraction. And as such he was going to judge. The outcome should be a pure, eternal, logical judgment: whether he should live or die. He examined his thought of his wife, and waited, to see whether he should move to her. He waited still. Then his faintly beating heart died. The decision was no. He had no relation there. But still the tribunal was not closed. There were the children. He thought of them and saw them. But the thought of them did not stir the impulse back to life. He thought of them, but the thought of them left him cold and clear and abstract; they remained remote, away in life. And still he waited. Was it, then, finally decided? And out of the cold silence came the knowledge. It was decided he remained beyond, clear and untouched, in death.

In this supreme and transcendent state he remained motionless, knowing neither pain nor trouble, but only the extreme suspension of passing away.

Till the horrible sickness of dissolution came back, the overwhelming cold agony of dissolution.

As he lay in this cold, sweating anguish of dissolution, something again startled his consciousness, and, in a clear, abstract movement, he sat up. He was now no longer a man, but a disembodied, clear abstraction.

He saw two Germans who had ridden up, dismount by the body of the lieutenant.

"*Kaput?*"

"*Jawohl!*"

In a transcendent state of consciousness he lay and looked. They were turning over the body of the lieutenant. He saw the muscles of their shoulders as they moved their arms.

Clearly, in a fine, remote transcendence, he reached for his revolver. A man had ridden past him up the bank.

He knew, but he was as if isolated from everything in this distinct, fine will of his own. He lay and took careful, supreme, almost absolute aim. One of the Germans started up, but the body of the other, who was bending over the dead lieutenant, pitched forward and collapsed, writhing. It was inevitable. A fine, transcendent spirituality was on the face of the Englishman, a white gleam. The other German, with a curious, almost ludicrous bustling movement had got out his revolver and was running forwards, when he saw the wounded, subtle Englishman luminous with an abstract smile on his face. At the same instant two bullets entered his body, one in the breast, and one in the belly. The body stumbled forward with a rattling, choking, coughing noise, the revolver went off in the air, the body fell on to its knees. The Englishman, still luminous and clear, fired at the dropped head. The bullet broke the neck.

Another German had ridden up, and was reining his horse in terror. The Englishman aimed at the red, sweating face. The body started with horror and began slipping out of the saddle, a bullet through its brain.

At the same moment the Englishman felt a sharp blow, and knew he was hit. But it was immaterial. The man above was firing at him. He turned round with difficulty as he lay. But he was struck again, and a sort of paralysis came over him. He saw the red face of a German with blue, staring eyes coming upon him, and he knew a knife was striking him. For one moment he felt the searing of steel, another final agony of suffocating darkness.

The German cut and mutilated the face of the dead man as if he must obliterate it. He slashed it across, as if it must not be a face any more; it must be removed. For he could not bear the clear, abstract look of the other's face, its almost ghoulish, slight smile, faint but so terrible in its suggestion, that the German was mad, and ran up the road when he found himself alone.

The Friends

By Stacy Aumonier

White and Mapleson often tried to recall the occasion when their friendship began, but neither succeeded. Perhaps it had its origin in some moment when the memory was to some extent blurred. Certain it is that they drifted together across the miasma of commercial London and founded a deep and lasting friendship that found its chief expression in the chinking of glasses in the saloon and luncheon bars of various hostelries off Oxford Street and Bloomsbury.

White acted as an agent for a firm of wire-mattress manufacturers in Old Street in the City, and as his business was conducted principally among the furnishing and upholstering businesses in the West End, and as Mapleson was the manager of the brass bed department at Tauntons, the large Furnishing Emporium in Bloomsbury, it is not surprising that they came in contact and that they had so many interests in common. There is, alas! no doubt that the most absorbing interest of both was the consumption of liquid refreshment, and there is also, alas! no doubt that the friendship was quickened by the curious coincidence of their mental vision when stimulated by alcoholic fumes. During the day it would be no uncommon thing for either man to consume anything between ten and fifteen whiskies and sodas, and sometimes even more, yet of neither man could it be said that he ever got really drunk. On the other hand, of neither man could it be said that he was ever really sober. White was of medium height, rather pale and slight. He had a dark moustache and was always neatly dressed in a dark blue suit with well-fitting boots and gloves. He was extremely quiet and courteous in manner, and his manner varied but little. The effect of alcohol upon him was only to accentuate his courtesy and politeness. Towards the evening his lips would tremble a little, but he would become more and more ingratiating. His voice would descend to a refined gentle

croon, his eyes would just glow with a sympathetic light, and he would listen with his head slightly on one side and an expression that conveyed the idea that the remarks of the speaker were a matter of great moment to him. Not that he did not speak himself; on the contrary, he spoke well, but always with a differential timbre as though attuning himself to the mood and mental attitude of his companion.

On the other hand, Mapleson always started the day badly. He was a large florid man with a puffy face and strangely colourless eyes. He wore a ponderous frock coat that was just a little out of date, with a waistcoat that hung in folds, and the folds never seemed free from sandwich crumbs and tobacco ash. He had an unfortunate habit with his clothes of never being quite complete. That is to say, that if he had on a new top hat his boots were invariably shabby, or if his boots were a recent acquisition, his top hot would seem all brushed the wrong way. As I say, he always started the day badly. He would be very late and peevish and would fuss about with pills and cloves. He would complain of not being quite "thumbs up." Eleven fifteen would invariably find him round at "The Monitor," leaning against the mahogany bar and asking Mrs. Wylde to mix him "a whiskey and peppermint," or some other decoction that between them they considered would be just the thing for his special complaint that morning. "In the way of business" he would treat and be treated by several other pals in "the sticks," as this confraternity called the Furnishing Trade. When Mapleson would arrive home sometimes late at night, breathing heavily, and carrying with him the penetrating atmosphere of the tap-room, he would say in response to the complaints of his tired wife: "I hate the stuff, my dear. You have to do it, though. It's all in the way of business."

As the day wore on Mapleson would improve. And it was one of the assets of the White-Mapleson friendship that they usually did not meet till lunch-time. Then the two friends would chink glasses and stroll arm-in-arm into Polati's in Oxford Street, for as Mapleson would say, "When a man works hard he needs feeding," and White would agree with him deferentially, and then they

would secure a seat not too near the band, and after thoroughly considering the menu, they would order a "mixed grill" as being "something English and that you can get your teeth into." During the interval of waiting for the mixed grill, which took fifteen minutes to prepare, Mapleson would insist on standing White a gin and bitters, and of course it was only right and courteous of White to return the compliment. The mixed grill would be washed down with a tankard of ale or more often with whiskey and soda, after which the friends would sometimes share a welsh-rarebit or a savoury, and it was Mapleson who introduced the plan of finishing the meal with a coffee and liqueur, "it stimulates one's mind for the afternoon's business," he would explain, and White flattered him on his good sense, and insisted on standing an extra liqueur, "just to give value to one's cigar." This luncheon interval invariably lasted two hours or two hours and a half. They would then part each to his own business, while making an appointment to meet later in the afternoon at "The Duke of Gadsburg."

And here a notable fact must be recorded. For an hour or two in the afternoon each man *did* do some work. And it is a remarkable point that "Tauntons," the great house in Bloomsbury, always considered Mapleson a good salesman, as so, indeed, he was. The vast lapses of time that he spent away from business were explained away on the score of active canvassing. His turnover for the year compared favourably with that of the other managers at "Tauntons"; whilst of White strange rumours of the enormous fortune that he was accumulating were always current. The natural reserve of the wire-mattress agent, and his remarkable lucidity on matters of finance, added to the fact that he took in and studied *The Statist*, gave him a unique position in the upholstering world. Men would whisper together over their glasses and say: "Ah, old White! he knows a thing or two!" and grave speculations would go on as to whether his income ran into four figures, and in what speculations he invested his money. Considerable profundity was given to these rumours by the fact that White always *had* money and that he was always willing to lend it. He carried a sovereign purse that seemed inexhaustible.

Mapleson, on the other hand, though natively lavish had periods of "financial depression." At these periods he would drink more and become maudlin and mawkish, and it was invariably White who helped him out of his troubles. The two friends would meet later in the afternoon "to take a cup of tea," and it often happened that Mapleson felt that tea would not be just the thing for his nervous constitution, so White would prescribe a whiskey and soda, and they would adjourn to a place where such things may be procured. It is remarkable how quickly the time passed under these conditions, but just before six Mapleson would "run back to the shop to see if any orders had come in." With studious consideration White would wait for him. It was generally half-past six or seven before Mapleson returned thoroughly exhausted with his day's work.

It was then that the suavity and charm of White's manner was most ingratiating. He would insist on Mapleson having a comfortable seat by the fire in the saloon, and himself carrying across the drinks from the bar. Mapleson soon became comforted and would suggest "a game of pills before going home." Nothing appealed to White more than this. For White was a very remarkable billiard player. Young Charlie Maybird, who is a furniture draughtsman and an expert on sport, used to say that "White could give any pub marker in London 40 in a 100 and beat him off the mark." The billiards would last till eight o'clock or half past, when a feeling of physical exhaustion would prompt the arrangement that "a chop would be a good idea." They would then adjourn once more to the dining-room at "The Monitor" and regale themselves with chops, cheese, and ale, by which time Mapleson would arrive at the conclusion that it wasn't worth going home, so an adjournment would be made once more to the bar, and the business of the evening would commence.

It might be worth while to recall one or two features of "The Monitor" bar, which was invariably crowded by salesmen and assistants from "Tauntons," and was looked upon as a sort of headquarters of the upholstering trade at that time. It was a large room fitted in the usual way with glittering mahogany and small glass mirrors. Two long seats upholstered in green leather were set around a

cheerful fireplace of blue tiles. There were also four small circular tables with marble tops, and on either side of the fireplace two enormous bright blue Doulton ware pots of hideous design containing palms. On the side facing the bar was a florid staircase with a brass handrail leading up to the dining and billiard rooms.

The only difference that a stranger might have felt between this and any other place of a similar description at that time lay, perhaps, in its mental atmosphere. There was always a curious feeling of freemasonry. In addition to Mrs. Wylde there were two other barmaids, Nancie and Olive, who was sometimes called "The Titmouse." They were both tall, rather thin girls, with a wealth of wonderful flaxen hair. They seemed to spend a considerable amount of time (when not engaged in serving) in brewing themselves cocoa and hot milk. Olive was a teetotaler, and confessed frankly with regard to alcohol that she "hated the muck," but Nancie would occasionally drink stout. To be served by Mrs. Wylde was a treat that only occasionally occurred to the more favoured devotees of "The Monitor." She was a woman of enormous proportions, with a white powdered face, and also a wealth of flaxen hair. She invariably wore a rather shabby black dress trimmed with lace, and a huge bunch of fresh flowers, usually lilies and carnations.

Of this atmosphere White and Mapleson were part and parcel. They had their own particular little round table near the fire, where, in spite of Mapleson's daily avowal to get home, one could rely on finding them nearly every evening. And they gathered around them quite a small colony of kindred spirits. Here they would sit very often till nearly twelve o'clock, when "The Monitor" shut, talking and drinking whiskey. As the evening advanced Mapleson expanded. One of his favourite themes was Conscription. On this subject he and White were absolutely in accord. "Every man ought to be made to serve his country." Mapleson would say, bringing his fist down with a bang on the marble table: "He ought to be made to realise his civil responsibilities and what he owes to the Empire! Every man under thirty-five should serve three years" (Mapleson was forty-four). "It seems to me we're becoming a nation of knock-kneed, sentimental women."

And White would dilate upon what the Germans were doing and would give precise facts and figures of the strength of the German army, and the cost and probabilities of landing two army corps on the coast of Suffolk.

Another favourite theme was the action of "these silly women!" and Mapleson would set the bar in roars of laughter with a description of what *he* would do if *he* were Home Secretary.

Thoroughly exhausted with the day's business Mapleson would leave the imperturbable White just before twelve o'clock, and not infrequently would find it necessary to take a cab to Baker Street to catch his last train to Willesden Green, where he lived, and where he would arrive at night, having spent during the day a sum varying between twenty and thirty shillings, which was precisely the amount he allowed his wife every week to keep house for a family of five, and to include food, clothing, and washing. White lived at Acton, and no one ever quite knew how he arrived there or by what means. But he never failed to report himself at nine o'clock the next morning at Old Street with all his notes, orders, and instructions neatly written out.

And then one summer Mapleson was very ill. He got wet through walking to Baker Street one evening when after having started he found he had only three coppers on him. He travelled home in his wet clothes, and next day developed a bad chill which turned into pneumonia. For days he lay in a critical state, but thanks to the attention of Mrs. Mapleson, who did not go to bed for three nights, and a careful doctor, he got over the crisis.

Almost like a reciprocal response a few months later something happened to White. He fell down in the street and was taken to a hospital. It was rumoured that he was dead. Consternation prevailed in the upholstering confraternity, and Mapleson made anxious inquiries at the hospital bureau. It was difficult to gather precise details, but it was announced that White was very ill, and that a very serious operation would have to be performed. Mapleson returned to the bar of "The Monitor," harbouring a nameless dread. A strange feeling of physical sickness crept over him. He sat in the corner of the bar sipping his whiskey, en-

veloped in a lugubrious gloom. He heard the young sparks enter and laugh and joke about White. It was a subject of constant and cynical mirth. "Hullo," they would say, "heard about old White? He's done in at last!" And then there would be whisperings and chucklings, and he would hear: "Drunk himself to death."

Mapleson could not stand it. He pushed back his half-filled glass and stumbled out of the bar. He was not conscious of an affection for White, or any sentiment other than a vast fear and a strange absorbing depression. He crept into the saloon of a small house off the Charing Cross Road where no one would be likely to know him and sat silently sipping from his glass. It seemed to have no effect upon him. The vision of White lying there—like Death—and perhaps even now the doctors were busy with their little steel knives. . . .

Mapleson shivered. He ordered more whiskey and drank it neat. He stumbled on into other bars all the way to Trafalgar Square, drinking and wrestling with his fear. The spirits ultimately took their effect, and he sat somewhere, in some dark corner, he could never remember where, with his mind in a state of trance. He remembered being turned out. It must have been twelve o'clock—and engaging a cab—he could just remember his address—and ordering the man to drive home. In the cab he went sound asleep, hopelessly drunk, the first time for many years. He knew nothing more till the next day. Someone must have come down to help carry him in—he was no light weight—perhaps the cabman had to be bribed too. He woke up about one o'clock feeling very ill and scared. He jumped up and called out: "What the devil's the time? What are we all doing? Why haven't I been called?" Mrs. Mapleson came in—she put her hand on his forehead and said: "It's all right. I sent a telegram to say you were ill. You had better stop here. I'll get you some tea." Mapleson fell back on the pillows, and the sickening recollection of last night came back to him.

Later in the evening Mrs. Mapleson came in again and said: "I hear that Mr. White has had his operation and is going on as well as could be expected." Beads of perspiration streamed down Mapleson's face, and he mur-

mured: "My God! my God!" That was all that was said, and the next day Mapleson went back to work.

The nameless fear pursued him. Great bags appeared under his eyes which were partly blood-shot. He stooped in his walk, and began to make mistakes in his accounts, and to be abstracted in dealing with customers.

"Poor old Mapleson!" they said round in the bar of "The Monitor." "I've never seen a chap cut up so about anything as he is about White," and then abstract discussions on friendship would follow, and remarkable instances of friendships formed in business. For five days the wire-mattress agent lay on the verge of death, and then he began to rally slightly. The House Surgeon said it was one of the most remarkable constitutions he had ever come up against. For three days there was a distinct improvement, followed by a relapse. But still White fought on. At the end of another week he was out of danger. But the convalescence was long and tedious.

When at the end of six weeks he was well enough to leave the hospital, the House Surgeon took him on one side and said: "Now look here, my friend, we're going to let you out. And there's no reason why you shouldn't get fairly well again. Only I want you to quite understand this: If you touch alcohol again in any form—in any case for years—well, you might as well put a bullet through your own head." In another ten days White was back at business, looking exactly the same as ever, speaking in the same suave voice. He soon appeared in "The Monitor," but with the utmost courtesy declined all offers of drinks except ginger ale. It need hardly be said that to Mapleson such an event seemed a miracle. He had sunk into a low, morbid condition from which he had never hoped to rise. Out of courtesy the first evening Mapleson insisted on drinking ginger ale himself so that his friend should not feel out of it.

And they sat and had a long discussion into the night; White giving luminous and precise details of the whole of his illness and operation, eulogising hospital methods, and discussing the whole aspect of society towards therapeutics in a calmly detached way.

But Mapleson was not happy. He was glad to have White back, but the element of fear that White had intro-

duced him to was not eliminated. He felt ill himself, and there somehow seemed a great gap between White in the old days and White drinking ginger ale and talking medicine! For three nights Mapleson kept this up and then thought he would have "just a night-cap."

It gradually developed into the position that Mapleson resumed his whiskey and White stuck to his ginger ale. And it is a curious fact that this arrangement depressed Mapleson more than it did White. He drank copiously and more frequently to try to create an atmosphere of his own, but always there was White looking just the same, talking just the same.

The ginger ale got on Mapleson's nerves. He felt that he couldn't stand it, and a strange and enervating depression began to creep over him again. For days this arrangement held good, White seeming utterly indifferent as to what he drank, and Mapleson getting more and more depressed because White didn't drink whiskey. At length Mapleson suggested one evening that "surely just one" wouldn't hurt White. But White said with the deepest tone of regret that he was afraid it would be rather unwise, and as a matter of fact he had got so used to doing without it, that he really hardly missed it.

From that moment a settled gloom and depression took hold of Mapleson. He just stood there looking at White and listening to him, but hardly troubling to speak himself. He felt utterly wretched. He got into such a state that White began to show a sympathetic alarm, and one evening towards the end of February as they were sitting at their favourite table in "The Monitor" White said: "Well, I'll just have a whiskey and soda with you if you like."

That was one of the happiest evenings of Mapleson's life. Directly his friend began to drink some chord in his own nature responded, his eyes glowed, he became garrulous and entertaining.

How they talked that night! They talked about business, and about dogs, and conscription, and women, and the Empire, and tobacco, and the staff of Tauntons. They had a wild orgy of talk and drink. That night White drank eleven whiskeys and sodas, and Mapleson got cheerfully and gloriously drunk.

It was perhaps as well that the friends enjoyed this bacchanale, for it was the last time they met. By four o'clock the next afternoon White was dead. . . .

Mapleson heard of it the following night. He was leaning against the fireplace in "The Monitor" expatiating upon the wonderful improvement in White and extolling his virtues, when young Howard Aldridge, the junior salesman to Mr. Vincent Pelt, of Tauntons, came in to say that White's brother-in-law had just rung up Mr. Pelt to say that White was dead. When Mapleson heard this he muttered "My Christ!"

These were the last words that Mapleson ever uttered in the bar of "The Monitor." He picked up his hat and went out into the street. It was the same feeling of numbed terror and physical sickness that assailed him. With no plan of action arranged, he surprised his wife by arriving home before ten o'clock, and by going to bed. He was shivering. She took him up a hot-water bottle, and she said: "I'm sorry to hear about White." Mapleson didn't answer, but his teeth chattered. He lay awake half the night thinking of Death. . . .

Two days later Mapleson received a postcard signed by "F. Peabody" to say that the funeral of the late G. L. White would take place at such and such a church at East Acton, and would leave the "Elms," Castlereach Road, Acton, at twelve o'clock, and it was intimated that a seat for Mr. Mapleson would be found in a carriage.

A fine driving rain out of a leaden sky greeted Mapleson when he set out for White's funeral on the Saturday. His wife tried to persuade him not to go, for he was really ill. But he made no comment.

It seemed an interminable journey. He kept wondering how White managed to get home at night from Oxford Street at twelve o'clock. He felt cold and wretched.

At last he reached Acton and asked for Castlereach Road. Nobody seemed to know it. He was directed first in one direction and then in another. At last a postman put him on the right track, but suggested that as it was some way he might get a 'bus to Gaddes Green and then it was only about fifteen minutes' walk.

Mapleson set off, keeping a sharp look-out for a place of refreshment, for the reactionary spirit was once more

upon him. The 'bus put him down at a forlorn-looking corner where there was only a sort of workman's alehouse. "I expect I'll pass one on the way," he thought, and taking his directions from the assistant of a greengrocer's shop, he set out once more through the rain.

At length he came to Castlereach Road. It seemed like the end of the world. It was a long, straight road of buff-coloured villas with stucco facings and slate roofs, all identically the same. From the end, where Mapleson entered it, it looked interminably and utterly deserted.

Mapleson blundered on in search of number 227, and as he did so a thought occurred to him that he and White had a common secret apart. He always had felt in his inmost heart a little ashamed of his red-brick villa in Willesden Green, and that was one reason why he had always kept business well apart from domestic affairs, and White had casually referred to "his place at Acton." His place at Acton! Mapleson entered it, horribly tired, horribly sober, horribly wretched. All the blinds were down. It had taken so long to get there, he half hoped that he was too late. A tall, gaunt woman in black, with a slight down on her upper lip, opened the door. She seemed surprised to see him.

He explained who he was.

She said, "Oh, yes. My! you are early. It's only half-past twelve!"

"Half-past twelve!" said Mapleson. "But I thought the funeral was to be at twelve."

Then the gaunt woman called into a little side room, "Ere, Uncle Frank, what 'ave you been up to? Did you tell Mr. Maple that the funeral was at twelve?"

"Oh, don't sye that! don't sye that!" came a voice from the room, and a small man with sandy hair and wizened features and small, dark, greedy eyes came out into the hall. "Oh, don't sye that, Mr. Mapleson. I'm Peabody. I quite thought I said two o'clock!"

Mapleson had a wild impulse to whistle for a cab or a fire-engine and to drive away from this anywhere. But the utter helplessness of his position held him fast. Before he had time to give the matter serious thought, he was being shown into the drawing-room, a small, stuffy room with a blue floral wall-paper and bamboo furniture, and many

framed photographs, and the gaunt woman was saying, "Oh, Uncle Frank, how could you have made that mistyke!" And then the gaunt woman left the room, and Mapleson was alone with Uncle Frank.

Mapleson could not recollect ever having met anyone whom he so cordially hated at sight. He had a sort of smug, perpetual grin, a habit of running his hands down his thighs as far as his knees, and giving vent to a curious clicking noise with his cheeks. "Well, this is a very sad hoccasion, Mr. Mapleson," he said, "very sad indeed. Poor George—did you know him well? Eva, his wife, you know, she's upstairs quite prostrate; that was her sister who showed you in. Yes, yes, well, how true it is that, in the Midst of Life, we are in Death! I'm afraid poor George was careless, you know. Very careless! Clever, mind you, clever as they make 'em, but careless. Do you know, Mr. Mapleson, he hadn't even insured his life! And he's left no will! There isn't enough to pay his funeral expenses! Fortunately, Eva's clever, oh, yes, she's clever with her fingers; they say there's no one in the neighbourhood to touch her in the millinery. Oh, yes, she's been at it some time! Why, bless my soul, do you know she's paid the rent of this 'ouse for the last four years? Oh, she's a clever woman! Poor soul, though! her great consolation is that George didn't die in the 'orspital. Yes, Mr. Mapleson, he died upstairs quiet as a lamb. She was there at the end—it was a great consolation!"

And Uncle Frank nodded his head, and his little eyes sparkled, but the grin never left his lips. Mapleson said nothing, but the two men sat there in a sombre silence, Uncle Frank occasionally nodding his head and muttering, "It's a sad hoccasion."

The rain increased, and it seemed unnaturally dark in the blue drawing-room, and Mapleson felt that he had sat there an eternity, consumed by desire to get away, when there was another knock at the door, and a youth was let in.

Uncle Frank called him "Chris," and he seemed to be a cousin or some near relation of White's. He was a raw youth who had just gone to business, and was very conscious of his collars and cuffs. He seemed to take to Mapleson, and he sat watching him furtively.

At length the gaunt sister asked them all into the

dining-room, which was a room on the other side of the passage even smaller and stuffier than the drawing-room. It was papered with a dark red paper, and the woodwork painted chocolate. As they crossed the hall they passed Mrs. White, who had apparently been persuaded by her sister "to try and take something." She was a little, shrivelled person with white cheeks, and her eyes were red with weeping.

She hurried by the men without speaking, and a curious thought struck Mapleson. During the twenty years or so that he had known White, he could not recollect him speaking of his wife. He probably had done so, but he could not recollect it. He remembered him talking about "his place at Acton," but never of his wife. He did not feel entirely surprised. White was probably ashamed.

In the window of the dining-room were several bird-cages containing two canaries, a bullfinch, and a small, highly coloured bird, that hopped from the floor of its cage on to a perch and kept up a toneless squeak, with monotonous regularity. Uncle Frank went up to the cage and tapped the wires and called out, "Ah, there he is! cheep! cheep! this is our little Orstrylian bird, Mr. Mapleson! Isn't he? Yes, yes, he's our clever little Orstrylian bird!" and during the course of the hurried meal of cold mutton and cheese the birds formed a constant diversion. Uncle Frank would continually jump up and call out, "Oh, yes, he's our little Orstrylian bird!"

Mapleson tried to recall whether he had ever discussed birds with White, and he felt convinced that he had not. And yet it seemed a strange thing. White apparently had had these birds for some time—three different varieties in his own house! Mapleson would have enjoyed talking about birds with White; he could almost hear White's voice, and his precise and suave manner of discussing their ways and peculiarities. And the terrible thought came to him that he would never hear White talk about birds, never, never.

This breach of confidence on White's part of never telling him that he kept birds upset Mapleson even more than his breach of confidence in not talking about his wife.

"Oh, yes, he's a clever little Orstrylian bird!" A terrible desire came to Mapleson to throw Uncle Frank through the window the next time he heard this remark.

Before they had finished the meal, three other male relations appeared, and a craving came over Mapleson for a drink. Then the sister came down with a decanter of sherry and said that perhaps the gentlemen would like some. Uncle Frank poured out a glass all round. It was thin, sickly stuff, and, to the brass bed manager, like a thimble full of dew in a parched desert.

He wanted to go, to get away from it all, but he couldn't see how. There was half a glass of sherry left in the decanter. He unblushingly took it as the funeral cortège arrived. There were two ramshackle carriages and a hearse and a crowd of dirty children had collected. He tried to mumble some excuse for not going, to Uncle Frank, but his words were lost by an intensely painful scene that took place in the hall as the coffin was being brought down. He did not notice that the sister with the down on her upper lip became an inspired creature for a few moments, and her face became almost beautiful. . . .

Someone touched him on the arm and said, "Will you come with us in the second carriage, Mr. Mapleson?" He felt himself walking out of the house and through a row of dirty children. For a moment he contemplated bolting up the street and out of sight, but the feeling that the children would probably follow him and jeer paralysed this action, and then he was in the carriage, with Chris and another male relation who was patently moved by the solemnity of the occasion.

The dismal cortège proceeded at an ambling trot, occasionally stopping. Chris gave up for the moment trying to be entertaining, and the forlorn relation talked about funeral services and the comfort of sympathy in time of bereavement. They crawled past rows of congested villas and miles of indescribable domesticity of every kind, till, as they were turning round a rather broader Avenue than usual where there were shops, the forlorn relation said, "We shall be at the cemetery in five minutes."

And then Mapleson had an inspiration. They were ambling along this dreary thoroughfare, when his eye suddenly caught a large and resplendent public-house. It was picked out in two shades of green, and displayed a gilt signboard denoting "The Men of Kent."

Almost without thinking, and certainly in less time

than it takes to chronicle, Mapleson muttered something to his two companions and called out of the window to the driver to stop. Before anyone realised what it was all about, he darted into the saloon bar of "The Men of Kent."

The bar was, fortunately, empty, but through the little glass shutters two women and a man in the private bar watched the performance.

There was a moment of dazed surprise, followed by a high shriek of laughter and a woman's voice in strident crescendo, "Oh, Gawd! He's stopped the funeral to come in an' 'ave a drink! Oh, my Gawd!" Mapleson's tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth, but he gasped out an order for a whiskey and soda. To the barman these incidents were nothing, and he served the drink instantly, but to the three in the private bar it was a matter of intense enjoyment. The other woman took it up. "Well, I'm damned! That's the first time I've known that 'appen—Gawd! fancy stoppin' a funeral to come and 'ave a drink!" and then the other woman, "Lap it up, Charlie! won't you let me 'ave a drop, old bird?" and the man bawled out, "'Ere, I sye, ain't the others comin' in? Let's make a dye of it!" When the whiskey was put in front of him, his hand trembled and he could not drink it. He fumbled with the glass, threw down sixpence, and darted out of the bar again.

In the meanwhile, Uncle Frank and other members of the funeral party had got out of the carriages and were having a whispered consultation on the kerb. Instructions had evidently been given for the cortège to proceed, for Uncle Frank was talking to the driver of the hearse when Mapleson appeared. As they all got back into the carriages, the three people came out of the bar and raised a cheer, and one of the women called out, "Oh, don't go, dearie! come back and fondle me!" and the other two started a song and dance on the pavement. Mapelson lay all of a heap in the corner of the carriage, and he noticed that he was alone with Chris. The forlorn relation had gone into the other carriage.

In a few minutes they arrived at a church, a large new building with early-Victorian Gothic arches and a profusion of coloured glass. The funeral party huddled together in

the gloom of the large church, and somehow the paucity of their numbers seemed even more depressing than the wretchedness of their appearance.

Mapleson sat a little way back, and, curiously enough, his mind kept reverting during the service to the little birds. He felt a distinct grievance against White on account of the little birds. Why hadn't White told him? —especially about the small Australian bird. It would have made a distinctly interesting subject of conversation.

They lowered the coffin into the grave, and earth was sprinkled. For a second it flashed through his mind "That's White being let down," and then a feeling of indifference and repugnance followed, and the craving desire to get away from all these sordid happenings. Then he suddenly thought of White's wife. "A miserable-looking slattern she was!" he thought. "Why, what was *she* snivelling about? What could she have been to White, or White to her? Why, he never mentioned her during twenty years!"

He experienced a slight feeling of relief when the service finished and the party broke up, and he hastily made for the cemetery gates, knowing that White's friends would be as anxious to avoid him as he was to avoid them, but he had not reached them before someone came hurrying behind and caught him up.

It was the young man named Chris. "I expect you're going up west, Mr. Mapleson," he said. "If it's not putting myself in the way, I'll come too." Mapleson gave an inarticulate grunt that conveyed nothing at all, but the young man was not to be put off. There was something about the bulk of Mapleson and the pendulous lines of his clothes and person that made Chris feel, when he was walking with him, that he was "knocking about town" and "mixing with the world." He talked gaily of antique furniture till they came to a gaunt yellow brick station. On inquiry there seemed to be no trains that went from it to any recognisable or habitable spot, but outside were two melancholy hackney carriages. By this time Mapleson was desperate, and a strange feeling of giddiness possessed him. He got in and told the driver vaguely "to drive up to London." Chris came to the rescue and explained to him that he might drive to Shepherd's Bush first. They started

off and rattled once more through the wilderness of dreary villas.

The young man accepted the position he found himself in with perfect composure. He attributed Mapleson's silence to an expansive boredom, and he talked with discretion and with a sort of callous tact. Before they reached Shepherd's Bush, however, Mapleson muttered something about feeling faint, and Chris immediately suggested that they should go and have a drink. "You might bring me something in," said Mapleson. "I'll have a brandy neat." At last they came to a grocer's shop. "Go and buy me a bottle of brandy," said Mapleson. The young man got out and soon returned with a six and sixpenny bottle of Hennessy's three star brandy and a corkscrew.

He drew the cork, and Mapleson took a long swig and then wiped the mouth of the bottle and offered it to Chris. Chris behaved like a man and also took a draught.

For the rest of the journey Mapleson at regular intervals took thoughtful and meditative swigs, and gradually began to revive. He went so far as to ask Chris if he knew anything about the little birds and how long White had had them. Chris said he knew he had had the canaries for four or five years and the bullfinch for two years. He didn't know much about the little Australian bird. This information seemed to cause Mapleson to revert to his former gloom.

When they reached Shepherd's Bush the cabman refused to go further. So they got out and got into another cab, Mapleson carrying the brandy bottle under his arm. He took it upon himself to tell the cabman—this time a taxi—"to drive round the Outer Circle of Hyde Park and to take the damned hood down."

It was about half-past four when they reached Hyde Park, and the rain had ceased a little. It was the fashionable hour for the afternoon drive. Their cab was soon almost hemmed in by the equipages of the great world. But after they had completed the circle once, and Mapleson lay back with his feet on the opposite seat, and his hat all brushed the wrong way, and without the slightest compunction held the large brandy bottle to his lips every few yards, Chris began to feel that there was a limit to his desire to "mix with the world." He got the cab to stop near the

Marble Arch, and explained to Mapleson that he must get out and take the Tube to business.

And then there was a scene. Mapleson cried, and said that he had never taken to anyone as he had to Chris, he was the dearest fellow in the world; he mustn't leave him, now that White was dead he was the only friend he had.

But people began to collect on the side walk and Chris simply ran off. But Mapleson gave the driver a sovereign and told him to drive to Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment. By the time they reached there the brandy bottle was three-quarters empty, and tears were streaming down his cheeks. He offered the driver a drink, but the driver was not "one of that sort," and gruffly suggested that Mapleson "had better drive 'ome." So he got out of the cab pathetically and settled with the driver and sat on a seat of the Embankment hugging his bottle and staring at the river.

Now it is very difficult to know exactly what Mapleson did the rest of that afternoon between the time when he dismissed the cabman and half-past eight, when he turned up in the bar of "The Monitor."

It is only known that he struggled in there at that time, looking as white as a sheet. He was wet through and his clothes were covered with mud. He struggled across to the corner where he and White used to sit and sat down. The bar was fairly crowded at the time, and young Chris made his *début* there. He felt that he would be a person of interest. When Mapleson appeared he went up to him, but Mapleson didn't know him, and said nothing.

Several others came up and advised Mapleson to go home and change his clothes and have a drink first, but he just stared stupidly ahead and made no comment. Someone brought some whiskey and put it before him, but he ignored it. They then came to the conclusion that he was ill; so they sent for a cab and two of them volunteered to see him home.

Just as they were about to lead him out he stood up. He then stretched out his arms and waved them away. He picked up the glass of whiskey and raised it slowly to his lips. But before it reached them he dropped it and fell backwards across the table.

. . . . . .

"Women, you know," said Charlie Maybird the other day, addressing two friends in "The Monitor," "are silly creatures. They think love and friendship is all a question of kissin' and cuddlin'. They think business is all buyin' and sellin', they don't think men can make friendships in business. Crikey! I reckon there's more friendships made in business—real friendships, I mean—than ever there is outside. Look at the case of White and Mapleson! I tell you those two men loved each other! For over twenty years they were inseparable, there was nothing they would not have done for each other, hand and glove they was over everything. I've never seen a chap crumple up so as Mapleson did when White died, in fact, from the very day when White was took ill. He went about like a wraith. I'll never forget that night when he came in here after the funeral. He sat over there, look, by the fireplace. He looked as though his 'eart was broken! Suddenly he stood up and lifted his glass and then dropped it and then fell backwards crash on to the floor! They carried him and took him to the 'orspital, but he never regained consciousness. The doctors said it was fatty degeneration of the 'eart, 'elped on by some kidney trouble. But I know better! He died of a broken 'eart. Lord, yes, I tell you there's a lot of romance in the furnishing trade!"

"Did he leave any money?" asked one of the friends.

"My word, yes! More than White," answered the genial Charles. "White never left a bean, and it seems his Missus had not only been paying the rent out of her millinery, but allowed White some. White was a card, he was!"

"And what did Mapleson leave?"

"Mapleson left nearly four pounds!"

"S'truth! is that all?"

"Four pounds and a wife and five kids, the eldest twelve!"

"A wife and five kids! How the hell does she manage to keep things going?"

"O, Gawd knows! Come on, let's go over to the Oxford and see what's on!"

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Pomp and Circumstance

By H. M. Tomlinson

The Sergeant who stood with his wife and child near the guarded wicket gate to the outgoing Continental train in Victoria Station was like, it was easy to guess, so many of his fellows in Flanders. He was bronzed and stout; his wife thought how well he looked. The life seemed to suit him, as he had assured her it did. For months in his letters home he had been telling her, as you know, of the abundant jam in the life of a soldier, of the quaint behaviour of pip-squeaks and woolley-bears, creatures never known before this war, which intrude into a community of dug-outs and make wild and dolorous cries. She knew, standing there with him after a short leave, how many things there were to keep a soldier entertained in the trenches and shelter-pits. One of her husband's comrades, as you may have learned from a letter published in that blithe and popular illustrated paper, the *Daily Deflector*, keeps a tame dove which sits on a sand-bag and bubbles at the Germans. There was a photograph of the dove to prove it, and a legend beneath it so inane as to be quite uncensorable. Those delightful letters! So full of gaiety! Everybody reads them. I have written a number myself since that day at Victoria. Yet then, on that bright early morning, I was merely free to assume that War quite close was evidently within easy endurance after all. The drafts returning to the front were full of fun. The spectators, especially the ladies, were quite amused. The ladies turned to look at them with smiling interest. Those dear charming fellows! This was heartening, for I was going into it myself. That London wicket gate through which I passed, following the Sergeant to the train, was my admittance. The Sergeant turned half-way down the length of

the train, and looked back. His pale little wife, in her neat black dress, was gazing after him over the barrier with a fixed and expressionless stare, and as he turned, lifted high the child beside her, who waved both hands to daddy.

In the train, all that was really material in the newspapers was read by the time we got to Battersea Park, and the assurance was in each that with the exception of some artillery duels the Western front was quiet. Three young officers were in the compartment, and they discussed, in the dispassionate but expert manner of amateur gardeners once disputing of Suburban roses in the morning train, varieties of bombs, and how to throw them.

From the Channel steamer the spacious and lucid world of the sea was empty of even the suggestion of evil. Inevitably we found the port for which we were bound, as the maritime English should, who take the sea for granted, and ask what their Navy is doing. That intricate cordon of guards, which makes the zone of war and all that is hidden there almost as distant and obscure as the North Polar region, made way for our motor-car without question. We could continue now till the Germans stopped us.

At the base the suggestion of near trouble was insistent. The sight of a hospital train with its freight of inert figures, and so much other casual evidence—regarded with fixed attention only by the newcomer—of forces in violent collision somewhere, was disturbing to one fresh from the calm resolution, the heroic vows, and high debates of London. Yet once outside the port, and past the last polite French sentry who came from the shelter of a hut of straw by the wayside to where our car was stopped by a farm wagon drawn athwart the road, and we sank into the silence and summer heat of a peace which was certainly more than an illusion. The white road diminished over the hills of an earth that was an easy assurance of the bland magnanimity of continuous days which could still be ours merely when our minds were right, and we willed them. The bowmen and knights of Edward III., and the host which Napoleon had assembled for our undoing, they had once occupied these hills, their minds as fixed as ours with important intents which dominated the petty concerns of their fellows, destroying their harvests; but what still persisted there were those transient summer clouds which they saw passing over

their heads, and the scent of bean flowers. The hosts had gone, and their important and necessary designs were in limbo, but the rain shower they saw was still darkening the same hill as it came into our view. We smelt the wood-smoke from an invisible homestead as though there were a mild and aromatic flame which could not be quenched. There was an inn a little retired under a walnut tree, with benches round its old red walls. Standing by the roadside near was a motor-bus venerable with dust, and some sun-burnt men in dust-coloured uniforms were idling near, so that even their rifles and packs could not prevent their merging into the immemorial nature of midsummer. The hills about us were those of our own chalk country, dry and bright, with dark and heavy valleys in which hamlets were secretive; those lighted forms of familiar things in their enduring repose, to which the mind awakened, as in the gentle surprise of morning, from the dark and troubled dream of war. We seemed to have left war behind us at Victoria. There was the call of a yellowhammer, which somehow was always beside us on a telegraph wire in spite of our speed, as though a thought of our past accompanied us and made itself vocal, a persistent reminder of the eternity of summer noons.

We passed a long train of motor lorries parked by the roadside, their men asleep, or peeling potatoes, writing on up-turned boxes in the cramped interior of the wagons, or who were not sufficiently interested in us to look up from their reading as we went by. Slender blue and white posts were set up in the cornlands here, sustaining wires which stretched across the country, the nerves of an alien and intricate organisation which had been imposed upon it. We entered the one long street of a dull village. It seemed to be occupied mainly by our men, who were there alone with the children of the village, busy in their shirt-sleeves seemingly on long-established domestic duties. Brown cattle were grazing on a distant slope, and a windmill on the ridge over them was uplifted and inspired in stark simplicity, continuing its ancient toil, knowing no change. Past the mill, and almost over our road, a balloon was suspended from a cloud—a big black saveloy. It might have been a practical joke hung up for all the world to laugh at. A minor cloud suddenly formed beneath it, another above it,

and both persisted. The black object became surrounded by balls of lurid smoke, and we heard dull reports like those of skyrockets. Our driver made a quick movement, and the car shot forward with more speed. "The next dose of shrapnel is due just about when we get beneath," said the officer in front, turning round. I gazed up at the balloon; though I still felt that object was as remote from my concern as any other grotesque antiquity. Another little cloud shaped close to it before we arrived, and chance gave what was intended for the balloon to a horse, which stood straddling in the road as we passed, head down, draining from a score in its flank. Yet when I looked round, shocked by the first contact with that incredible will which was scheming to mutilate life, I saw but the placid face of the familiar earth, which gave no sign that it was aware something had used its accepted peace as an ambush, something malign which had emerged and struck and vanished again so swiftly that it had left no trace but a horse near me patiently dying. It was, then, a blind and stupid evil, whatever else of an enigma it was, striking at a balloon and hitting a horse. And yet again, did I actually see this? For we came almost immediately to a village, where women were gossiping at the doors, children were playing about their mothers, and only an Indian trooper, as unbelievable there as the ridiculous balloon, stood and saluted us, and was accepted in the way one accepts the solemnly incongruous in a dream. Next I remember a considerable white town, its old and sleepy country affairs complex with the new business of urgent soldiers, through which we passed till we came to the ornate iron gates of a moated château beyond, and drove through them, calmly accepting the moat, the drawbridge, and the round turrets of the silent grange, the name of which I did not know, nor who lived there, nor even where it was, as one always accepts in sleep what one finds at night beyond unknown gates. Then there was a hall, where we met strange men in uniform, all of them alert on some mysterious business, but who stopped to greet us, smiling with frank welcome, as though they had known us always, and as though we were aware of all that was secret in their minds.

They casually and smilingly mentioned places with names having no meaning to me, and of events there as

irrational as the activities in a dark fable. They spoke as one speaks of rain yesterday, or of to-morrow's train, so that I saw they believed the places were near, and the events real, and that my understanding would have no difficulty at all in knowing what they meant. Then they moved out for one of these places with an assurance which would have astonished me, only I had begun to think the things we have long accepted as stable and rational might be protean and mocking, and have a nature different from what we had supposed; and I followed those soldiers. We took a flat straight road which was as insignificant as the stagnant ditch on either hand, its avenue of poplars, and its limited view of level meadows could make it. Presently, and for no reason that I could see, we left the cars, hid them, and walked on. The distance thudded heavily, and the hidden horizon might have been loose, badly adjusted between heaven and earth, lifting and falling ponderously. The red tiles of scattered farm buildings showed in clumps of trees, but nobody was in sight. When near one of these places there was an abrupt metallic crash as if a boiler-plate had fallen from a great height on stone paving, and had at once become inert. In the profound silence which followed I heard the staff officer by my side still talking of an amusing experience of his in China; I think it was China. Then, overhead, I heard unseen things in flight. They made sounds like the rapid approach and passing of trains, sometimes near, sometimes far. Nobody looked up but an officer youth who was with us, whose face had the round and innocent and passive joy of a cherub. He lifted his face at the sounds, and smiled happily. Twice these noises in flight were much louder than the rest, and ended near us in rending concussions and columns of dark smoke. There was something uncanny about this land, where there were houses, but no men but ourselves—a land in which there was nothing of human consequence but a menace that was astonishingly invisible and horribly unexpected in its incidence, even though the sounds of its presence were those of ponderable bodies threatening in swift and intelligent direction. We skirted deep holes in the road. The ditch on one side was widened by a foot bridge into an empty basin of slime polished and smooth as black glass, and its duckweed and rushes were

plastered fanwise across our path, and had stuck to neighbouring walls. This filth was quite new; the water was still draining from it like ink. Beyond was a puddle of blood, and of such extravagance that I thought even a great body, like that of a horse, could not have contained so much; but its origin was in mystery. It lay in front of a deserted estaminet. The door of the inn was open, and beside it, against the wall, was a chair that was curiously vacant, for somebody could have been imagined sitting there contemplating the dreadful mystery before that open door. My mouth was now very dry, and for some reason one kept swallowing, and looking anxiously in every direction. But the road continued straight on with indifference, and there was nothing anywhere to explain why this once secure and tenanted land felt so undesirable that one went through its unoccupied fields with reluctance, and why its common objects, as intently regarded as though one had never before seen trees and secluded house-roofs in the distance, inspired one with wary disfavour. Then we found the first men. There was a length of the road so full of craters that with its arid stillness it resembled a picture of a landscape of the volcanic but extinct moon. A large tree had been lifted by its roots and lay athwart our path. Others were burst into bundles of white splinters, or a top touched the ground at an angle from a length of sundered column; but this evidence of recent violence, though it shocked, was still unconvincing, and could not be related to anything which concerned us, for in that quietude, in which one heard only the passage through the air of unseen things, it was yet impossible to credit a maniacal power which in its inhuman rage could rend such resilient and heavy beams. And here were the only men we had seen since leaving the château. Six were lying on the ground, lax and passive, while others bent over them, gently intriguing them on to stretchers. The wounded men made no sign; they did not look at us, nor at their helpers, nor protest, nor groan. Their faces were averted. They might have agreed, when they fell, to treat in silence and with scorn the world in which this had come to them. We gazed briefly, saw we could be of no use there, and passed; though the persistent remembrance of one face, seen as I turned away, was the cause of a stumble into a shell-hole.

We soon arrived at a group of farm buildings, scattered among plantations near cross-roads. The trees, motionless in the still afternoon as though aware of the guardianship of a secret, and the obvious antiquity of these dwellings in their seclusion, placed them suddenly at an illusionary vast distance, the sunlight being what it was, and the settled peace, from the shell-wrecked road by which we had come. More officers appeared, making a merry bustle in welcoming us. The walls of one of the old barns, a structure so weathered that its rufous brickwork had the surface of greystone, were gaping with shot holes where the bricks were raw; the shattered roof was collapsing. "Well," said one of our new friends to me, "you are within the battle-line of Armageddon now." We looked up at some ululating shrieks in the sky, which came our way increasing in malignance till they were suddenly choked in the field at the back of us, the passion bursting into smoke. They ceased. There was a sound in the distance like a boy rattling a stick along a fence; that, I was told, was a machine gun. Otherwise the silence was so deep that I thought I could hear the frog I saw flopping across the road. A pair of swallows were hawking about for midges, and their familiar celerity and accuracy, as they pitched on their nest, built under the eaves of that barn roof on the point of collapse, were intently regarded for some unreasonable confidence they gave; they were miraculously surviving tokens of a reasonable world that was. But for the frog and the birds, the line of that great battle had no movement which could be seen. Two mud-coloured beings approached bearing a stretcher, and turned from the road where a banner with a red cross hung in sleeping folds from a tree. A swallow, an erratic atom of light, flashed over that leaden figure in its blanket.

I took another path, one silent officer only with me now, and got into a deserted country which gave me the idea the day of judgment had long passed. We wandered there purposeless and forgotten. It was the sense of loneliness which was alarming, and the thought that one might be remembered for punishment at any moment. Somewhere ahead the earth seemed to be decrepitating in the heat. That was rifle fire. We entered a large village, but found nobody there. I was not surprised. It seemed natural to

find it deserted and in ruins. The opened and cavernous houses repeated the melancholy sounds of our feet on the cobbles. We looked down every side street, each with its heaps of fallen masonry in the road, without expectation. The place smelt of damp mortar and extinct fires. Nothing there was alive. Nothing could be alive there. The violence which had come to this village was not only cyclonic, reducing some houses to heaps of rubble, but it seemed cruelly thorough and particular; every wall and doorpost still in its place was starred and scored, so that the child's doll we saw lying on its face on the street stones with its limbs outstretched, but apparently untouched, was unaccountable, and made a quite ridiculous appeal with its attitude of abandoned grief. The mummied carcass of a cow lay near. Within a square of roofless houses, some with their fronts gone, indecently exposing interiors where all the furniture should have fallen from hanging floors but had not, was what had been the church. One vacant Gothic arch of its body still stood, separated by shapeless piles of rubbish, from the remnant of the tower. The crowded monuments of its yard were heaped in confusion, the graves opened, and the bones and coffin-boards scattered above ground. If I could tell you how I felt I would, but intelligence and language cannot help one in such a village; and when a spasmodic growling came at us express through the silence of that murdered place, and more of the stones and graves flew in smoke, we picked ourselves up and went hurriedly.

Still wandering along in a way which to me seemed aimless, though, of course, that did not matter in a world which had lost its reason, I discovered the countryside was really populated. In unexpected and apparently unrelated wayside corners I was surprised by faces peering up at me from the openings of burrows in the earth, as though this land were peopled by voiceless underground gnomes. The faces were English, but they were expressionless, and though keen, were without any curiosity in us. It was as though one had come upon the English in another planet, inured to another existence, and so engrossed on something urgent but inscrutable that even the apparition of newcomers from home had no interest for them.

In this manner we found a young Irishman intently initialling pink documents. He was doing that in a clay hovel. In the fields about him, over which the sun and the delicate tracery of fair-weather clouds pretended there was no difference, what had been humane and habitable were only forlorn ruins in memorial of unknown folk who had vanished. Perhaps this Irishman had been left behind to clear up the last odd jobs of a vacated earth. He stretched his arms leisurely as we came in; I got the idea he was nearly through with his task. He did not talk of any war. When the explosions were near enough to our shelter to interrupt our small talk he smiled at me with boyish ironic amusement, as though he thought he and I were merry fools who had got ourselves into a precious predicament. And in that place I was left with him, for I was to experience, to my better knowledge of war, what the place is like where the German invasion is being held back. This active and cheery youngster from Tipperary, in his shirt sleees, in his capacity as a British infantry officer in modern war, put a string round his brown neck from which dangled a metal disc, slung over a shoulder the strap of a bag containing a respirator—and gave one to me—picked up a periscope, and invited me to come on. The periscope was his only weapon. As we emerged, a quick series of shocking metallic concussions, which seemed to check the spin of the planet with slight jerks, sent me revolving involuntarily on one heel, a movement I had not intended, but still executed with swift and careless grace. The Irish boy laughed. "Ours," he said. Then apologised for me. "Of course, you didn't know ours were there." I gazed round for "ours." There was not even a trace of smoke, much less a gun muzzle, to be seen.

Beyond a handful of cottages, all in the same monotonous ruin, we descended into a ditch. An artificial shrubbery had been planted above. We began meandering below along a raw serpentining trench, with luxuriant poppies, cornflowers, oxeye-daisies and charlock, well above our caps on the screening rubbish. Once we stopped, to gaze up at an aeroplane—"ours" again—dodging little puffs of smoke. It was immediately over us; and a sound like a huge grasshopper beginning and ending his song with

one loud whir in the weeds by our heads brought more amusement to the Irish boy. "Shells must come down somewhere," he explained.

On we went, round and about, till with the enclosed heat, and the regular beat of our feet on the boards, it was rather dizzying. Sometimes we crouched, and went a little faster. I knew of no reason for it, but followed my leader. We then entered a labyrinth of piled sandbags, and found the youth of England at last, the fellows who are merely somewhere in France. Here were the ultimate ramparts of our safety. Beyond were the dead and the Prussians. Those fellows in khaki eyed us squarely and silently, or spoke in serious undertones, as skilled craftsmen who have undertaken an onerous task, though one well within their capacity, speak to an overlooker.

Suddenly I felt glad I had come. I thought the less of the Germans who were now very near. What could such men do against these? I felt I should like to see them attack us. There was a sense of exultation even in anticipating that. One has felt the same with a good crew and a good ship when circumstances have been huge and ominous at sea.

This firing trench was deep and narrow. Edging further along, men who were squatting had to stand up to let us pass. There were lower walls and a bottom of clay; and above were the sandbags, glaring white pillows regularly stacked, blotched with loathly swarms of green flies. I noticed the earthy odour of graves. Rifles with fixed bayonets stood about. Coats and equipment were hung on nails driven into posts where caves lined with wood were let into the walls. You could hear the flies humming. The snipers were busy, spurts of dust starting from the hard bags of clay. A man in shirt sleeves got on a wooden stand beside me, peered cautiously over, and as his rifle barked his body heaved. I thought it was the recoil. But he got down with blood streaming from his arm, and grinning awkwardly. "The beggar got me," was all he said. An officer gave first aid. Nobody took any more notice. Somewhere near a machine gun was knocking with frantic rapidity. Some bullets sang musically overhead. In a shady cavern within the rampart a soldier lay on his back, his hairy chest, glistening with sweat, moving regularly in

his sleep. Two comrades by him were making tea over a pungent wood fire. A dull roar made us look along the line of our ramparts, and not far away a brown cloud had formed over them, where a bomb had burst. There was a succession of such volcanic upheavals. "The swine!" exclaimed my young guide, without emotion. A hurtling of heavy bodies overhead, sighing and moaning sadly as they passed, brightened his eye. "Here they come," he remarked, and waited with his ears cocked. Immediately there was a rapid succession of convulsive shocks on the German side, and smoke rose there too. One could not look at the enemy, except with the indirect eye of a periscope, and the small pellucid picture of a meadow one saw in that, with an irregular white line in the distance topped in one place by a German flag, still left the Germans at an incredibly remote distance—theirs was still the ordinary landscape of a nightmare, fantastic only because of an unreasonable respect and fear.

The sun set, and for light we had blue meteors. The ramparts, and the jagged wreck of farm buildings at the back of them, becoming pallid in a strong intermittent glare, as though clouds were passing rapidly across a full moon. Those stars appeared to encircle our position. More bombs and shells exploded, now with stabs of orange or rosy flames. The rifle-fire increased in volume, occasionally spreading into a continuous fulmination. The complexity of the uproar was baffling. Bullets cracked above us like whips, whined like puppies, made the sudden drone of bees in flight, twanged like harp strings. The machine guns were the crackling of a fire in the rush of a gale, or spurted as though the atmosphere were being torn into long ribbons. The night was chaos. But the slow indifference of the dark figures about me, who took no notice when nine of their comrades were carried out; their casual voices, their ironic superiority as they mocked death, that shadowy form, vast as the night, which stood over us all with uplifted scythe, made me secretly proud to know them as fellows. But it was a relief to see the intimation of the dawn, and to hear the first lark, that joy of innocence far in the coming of light.

Commercial Boycotts and Policies

By H. M. Hyndman

The Germanic Powers probably never made a greater mistake in their trade policy than when, in their exultation at their temporary success over Russia and our disasters in the Dardanelles, they proclaimed their intention to establish a strong Customs Union between Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey (with such of the Balkan States as they could dominate) against the Allies, after the war. This proposal showed plainly that the vigorous commercial campaign which Germany has waged single-handed against her rivals, as a matter of State policy, since 1878, will be carried on henceforth with even greater assiduity and determination, by a solid combination of not fewer than 150,000,000 people, under the economic leadership and management of Prussia.

The natural reply to such a hostile manœuvre was at once suggested from many quarters. Great Britain with all her free Colonies and India, France with her Colonies and Dependencies, Russia, Italy, Japan, Belgium and her Colonies, Serbia, and any neutrals who might take part on our side, should immediately endeavour to set on foot a similar trade combination against our present enemies. All countries belonging to the second group, whatever arrangements they might make with one another, would then undertake to impose prohibitive duties on goods shipped from the Teutonic Zollverein, and would exclude all Teutonic vessels from their ports.

This, of course, would be a declaration of trade war against the Teutonic countries who are preparing a more serious commercial attack than ever upon ourselves and our Allies. It is a distinct repudiation of Free Trade as between the Allied and the Germanic nations.

But the island of Great Britain is the single Free Trade element in the entire Allied combination, and such an international agreement would make Free Trade possible over a much greater area and a far larger population than

the Americans secure for themselves under their stringent system of Protection. Therefore there could be little objection to such a counteracting League from any point of view, save that of the most extreme capitalist Free Trade bigots and their hangers-on. We have had but too much evidence of the use which Germany has made of our easy-going, happy-go-lucky, Free Trade arrangements. Germany, that is to say, contrived, within little more than thirty years, to become so much the master of our domestic industry, our general finance, and large departments of our Colonial business, that we found ourselves, in August last year, subjected to such a drain on our gold reserves and so heavy a strain on our manufacturing departments that all our State efforts have hitherto not sufficed to replace anarchy by organisation.

It is almost impossible to estimate what our commercial and financial dependence upon Germany and pro-Germans has cost us in blood and treasure. We can only be certain that, had the same pro-German trade policy been pursued by Great Britain for another ten years, we could no longer have held our own against the industrial and military resources which, at the end of that period, the enemy would have peacefully piled up against us, unless—unless we had ourselves resolved in the meantime to take not merely a single leaf but whole chapters out of Germany's book: had given up, in short, the policy to which we were devoted.

But now we are forced to consider the alternative. In the September number of this REVIEW Dr. E. J. Dillon, regretting and evidently alarmed at the complete failure of Sir Edward Grey's diplomacy in the Near East, reasons upon the best means of bringing the Balkan States to a better frame of mind towards the Allies. His argument is that only by systematically applying to them a policy of economic rewards and economic punishments can these various peoples be induced to accept arrangements which are really greatly to their own advantage.* And this inevitably leads to the wider scheme of a Customs Union already shadowed forth in other quarters. Thus Dr. Dillon proposes in so many words:—"The adoption by the Allies of

* To their own advantage; because the victory of the Germanic Powers must mean that all the Balkan States would be reduced to a position of vassaldom to Prussia and—Turkey!

two customs tariffs for all produce and manufactured goods entering their respective countries from abroad, a lesser one to be applied to imports from Allied countries and another very much higher to be levied on all merchandise coming from other States."

This is precisely the view of the situation taken by the Unionist Press, and represents, from the tariff side, what may be called the international and Allied, as opposed to the dominating Germanic, idea of what should be done. Obviously, the Germans, from the Junkers to the Social-Democrats, have made up their minds that, whether they win or lose, whether they exact indemnities from others or have to pay for their depredations themselves, the markets of Great Britain and her Colonies will be open to them, ere many months have passed, just as they were before the war. In fact, they are already preparing, even while the war is at its height, to take the fullest advantage of the opportunities which, when peace ensues, they feel confident will still be placed at their disposal. German efficiency, organisation, and power of adaptation will enable them, as they believe, to recover their position in England, France, and Russia within a very few years.

So far, whatever France and Russia may do, it is clear that our own Government, unless checked by public feeling, intends to play directly into their hands. German and pro-German influences are every bit as strong in the Coalition Cabinet as they were in Mr. Asquith's previous administration. Even our Sea-Power is being jeopardised by the fatuity of our Foreign Office, which, with its usual fatal pusillanimity, is already surrendering to American "bluff" and German intrigue. Thus, instead of making ready to encounter a renewed and still more powerful commercial rivalry, we are now, in deference to America, actually strengthening the enemy by enabling him to sell his goods at great profit across the Atlantic, to fill up his depleted war chest by this means, and to defeat the very objects for which our Grand Fleet is maintained in the North Sea—maintained at great cost and with an amount of hard work and personal sacrifice on the part of our sailors that is still not commonly appreciated. Worse than this, our rulers are deciding, without taking counsel of the nation, to give way upon "the freedom of the seas," in the interest of

Germany and America, when the Peace Congress is finally summoned. At the same time, they seem disposed to permit the former Power to maintain her enormous army on land and to construct as many submarines, secretly, as she may think desirable.

Moreover, sham Free Trade, and a foolish belief in the general goodwill of our Protectionist rivals and enemies are still to dictate our national policy, a policy only temporarily suspended on account of its very damaging effect upon us during the greatest war of all time. In short, the ideas which underlay the pro-German unratified Declaration of London, and were acted upon by our Government for many months after the war commenced, remain unshaken in the minds of the men who control the destinies of our country. Thus, the tens of thousands of valuable lives we are losing will be utterly thrown away, unless we realise that the Germanic Powers at bottom mean very ill to us, our Colonies, and our Allies, and that the treacherous "freedom of the seas" publicly accepted by Sir Edward Grey is directed against our future welfare.

But all this shows the considerable difficulties we have to encounter on the very threshold of any attempt to organise the Allied forces, in peace as in war, against a strong and persistent enemy. Even at home we Englishmen have not yet begun to use the new and enormous powers of the State for improving our agriculture and industry to meet the heavy demands which are already being made upon them. Though our liberties are suspended and criticism is virtually suppressed, there is very little progress made. Our manufacturers are calculating upon the termination of the war to bring them again their customary imports of dyes, optical glass, and so forth from Germany, and our sweetstuff magnates are awaiting the cargoes of beet sugar which shall give them their usual satisfactory profits. Thus we shall again be as dependent upon Germany as before. Well then may Mr. Frederic Harrison, at the end of his book on *The German Peril*, write: "Our low scientific and, indeed, general education, our impatience of discipline, our domestic and party imbroglios, and the universal rage to get the cheapest of everything, regardless of quality and of the national risks of destroying home industries, will stare us in the face for

a generation. Verily, when peace comes at last, this nation will have much to repent of, much to amend and reorganise, much to learn, and many a cruel lesson to be driven into our souls." But only Social-Democracy in its widest and most complete sense can solve the economic problems which we must face. Mr. Harrison himself sees this.*

Yet while the process of reconstruction is going on within, we must entirely break with the *laissez-faire* which was introduced by the great manufacturers in their own interest—long before German competition had come into existence—and was accepted by the workers, in their ignorance and contrary to the vehement advice of the great Chartists, as beneficial to themselves. This system, if such it can be called, broke down immediately the war began. The State intervened in every direction to save private capitalism from bankruptcy. But the mass of the people do not understand this; the majority of the employees adhere to the worn-out fetish of commercial individualism; and the "leaders" of the twain political factions, now one flesh, are still supinely waiting for a lead.

Even though the prejudice in favour of the fiscal and economic methods which have prevailed since 1846 should be overcome among the more intelligent middle class, much must be done before any thorough policy of commercial combination against the Germanic Zollverein is adopted by the English people. The complications are very great. So great that the mere suggestion of an economic agreement between all the Allied Powers and their dependencies is at present little more than an invitation to criticism, and a summons to take account of the obstacles immediately ahead.

Take our own free Colonies, for example—Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, apart from India and Egypt. I have some right to speak on this subject; for so long ago as 1868, when both the great political parties at home were in favour of "cutting the painter," I advocated a closer connection with our Colonies; and on my return from Australia I wrote an article in favour of complete Federation in *Fraser's Magazine* of 1872. Yet to-day, more than forty years later, though the relations between

* *The German Peril*, p. 285.

the Mother Country and these same democratic Colonies have astonished the world, and our Colonial brethren are fighting their hardest in the mad and disastrous Dardanelles expedition—even now we have not arranged a beneficial Customs Union with them.*

"Our Colonies being ours should be us," wrote a famous political economist of the seventeenth century. Our Colonies being ours should be snubbed when they offer to tax German goods to our advantage, say the geniuses who guide our twentieth-century policy. It is often assumed by writers and speakers of the Unionist faction that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain would have settled all this finally had he been allowed to have his way. But, as I pointed out at meeting after meeting, when I followed him round through the country, he was very far from doing so. Leaving the reorganisation of agriculture, factory, industry, and transport in Great Britain entirely on one side, all he proposed was that certain advantages should be accorded to our Colonies under a new mutual tariff. This was good as far as it went, and, properly developed into a complete policy, it would have checked such self-injuring tactics as those which gave the Germans control of the Australian metal market, and threatened at one time to allow them similar domination in South Africa.

But, unfortunately, the whole scheme, as then formulated, entirely failed to harmonise the interests of English and Canadian agriculturists, or to persuade the majority of English wage-earners that they would gain more than they lost by a tax on all wheat except that imported from British possessions. Obviously, unless our system of land-ownership, cultivation, and transport is entirely revolutionised, the competition of the Canadian farmer and the Australian farmer (and the Russian farmer) is just as dangerous to the English producer as that of the farmer of the United States or the Argentina. The reorganisation of agriculture in Great Britain itself is our primary interest: the arrangement even with our own Colonists necessarily takes a second place. I do not say that the two objects may not be simultaneously achieved; I believe they can.

* In my book, *England For All,* of 1881, I again strongly advocated the closer connection with our free Colonies as a portion of a complete democratic policy.

But everything depends upon our recognising from the start that this must be a matter of mutual advantage, and not merely a tariff war against the Germanic Powers, important as I feel this to be.

We may be quite sure also that, if they understand what they are doing, the workers of this island will never agree to bring about a further increase in the price of the necessaries of life simply for the benefit of the landlord, the capitalist farmer, and the distributors. Not they. Some sacrifices they might make, as they are making untold sacrifices now, if assured that these will lead to democratic advance and social reconstruction. But not even the remembrance of German atrocities and piracies and wholesale treachery will induce them to strengthen the economic domination of our profiteering classes after the war.

Again, Japan forms part of the Allied combination, and our own Colonies do so as well. The rise of Japan to the rank of a first-rate Power, alike in industry and in military affairs, is one of the miracles of history. In both departments she is as formidable in Asia as Germany is in Europe, and no long time will elapse before her position on the world market must be fully recognised. Of the wider scope of her policy it is not necessary to speak here. Her appearance at the Peace Congress at the close of the war will mark an epoch in her advance. But if Japan should enter into the Allied Customs Union, it is well to bear in mind that this will be another step towards the fortification of her claims to hold precisely the same status as any other civilised nation. It may be taken as certain, therefore, that any plan which brings in Japan as a portion of the Allied commercial combination will have a further influence in the same direction. For Japan herself expects in the near future to do more than hold her own against Europe in the China market, or extend her influence in the Pacific Ocean against America. Already she has a very definite Treaty of Alliance with ourselves, the full purport of which was foolishly overlooked by our Foreign Office when it allowed the United States to "bluff" us in the matter of German imports; and quite recently she proposed an even more definite Treaty to Russia which could scarcely fail to lead to the partition of China. All this means that another Germany, with sea-power as the main basis of its international

influence, has grown up in the Far East, with a population of not less than 70,000,000 in the islands and on the mainland: a Power whose confidence in its future has assuredly not been decreased by the madness which has seized upon the whole of Europe, weakening for at least a generation, as it must, the whole dominant white race.

But the stronger Japan grows, with China in the background, the more difficult does it become to discriminate against Japanese as immigrants in countries where Europeans hold the mastery. The Americans of the Pacific Slope have taken up an attitude towards their unwelcome Asiatic visitors which gives Japan a reasonable *casus belli* against the United States at any moment. Under our own Treaty with Japan, however, we are bound to help her in such a venture, if any other Power, say Chili, or Mexico, or even Venezuela, takes part with the United States. That is an ugly feature of our existing commitments to begin with.

But our own Colonists, from whom we are receiving such valuable assistance in this cataclysmic struggle, take just the same view of the economic and social dangers of Japanese immigration as the Californians do; and they are as little likely to admit these able Eastern colonisers to a position of equality. What, then, will Great Britain—who is thus in much the same position as the Government of the United States with its doctrine of State rights—what will Great Britain do in regard to her own anti-Japanese free Colonies?

On the one hand, we have a very important Treaty with the powerful and far-sighted island Empire of the East which we desire to expand into a commercial agreement with ourselves and our Allies. On the other hand, our own Colonies, with whom we are still more closely connected, regard the Japanese—who represent to the workers the Yellow Peril in a far more threatening shape than did the Chinese forty years ago—with increasing alarm, and legislate strongly against them. It may be possible to reconcile these widely divergent political and economic, to say nothing of social, incompatibilities—and there is no doubt that they could be reconciled under Socialism; but as matters stand to-day it will be no easy undertaking to persuade the powerful and capable Elder Statesmen of Japan

that the equality of fiscal antagonism towards German goods and German shipping should not be accompanied by equality of individual and collective rights in the possessions of all the Allies, if this new Commercial League is accepted. The international boycott of the Germanic Powers and Germanic commerce may suit Japanese policy. But it is incredible that so far-seeing a nation will engage itself to participation in such a league, even for a term of years, unless the bargain carries with it the recognition of rights which it will be no easy matter for us to secure to them.

The advocates of the Customs Union of the Allies in opposition to German State competition, I observe, carefully avoid any consideration of Japan in the matter. But when we think of Japan as a possible commercial partner with the Germanic Powers, within a few years of peace, we may perhaps realise that such an omission might easily be fatal to the whole scheme.

The position with Russia is very different. Russia is genuinely anxious to free herself from that German domination to which she owes much of her reactionary policy in peace, and not a little of the lack of preparation which has cost her so terribly dear in war. She will do a great deal, therefore, to emancipate herself effectively from Teutonic thraldom. But three things she requires and must have in order to reorganise her internal economy after the war. First, a profitable outlet for her produce. Second, capital—since she is further than any European State from the Socialist period—to develop her stupendous resources. Third, a supply of good and cheap machinery in return for her agricultural and mineral exports. Unfortunately, Russia's economic policy for the past forty years has brought her into such indebtedness towards Western Europe, more particularly France, that bankruptcy has long threatened her. She has only been saved from actual failure to pay interest on her loans by contracting greater and still greater obligations. I am purposely understating the amount of annual payments due from her to her Western creditors at £50,000,000. This drain appears necessarily in the excess of exports over imports in the trade returns, unless balanced by the amount of new loans incurred. Prior to the war there was a shortage on these trade remittances

of not less than £120,000,000 in five years. That was serious enough.

What will be the state of affairs after war? What amount of extra annual interest will she have to pay? Where is that extra annual interest to come from over and above the payment for loans previously incurred? Where is the additional capital for development to be obtained? France and England will have none at disposal. Germany will be in far worse case. From the United States alone can there be hope of financial assistance, and that not to any considerable extent. While, therefore, a tariff arrangement may be possible with Russia, to the detriment of Germanic trade, it is clear that the Russian Empire will be unable to pay the interest on its indebtedness to France, without involving its own population in terrible distress and eventually in wholesale ruin.

These facts and economic and financial considerations do not affect the truth that whether some arrangement is made with France for a temporary moratorium or not, Russia will gladly find an outlet for her agricultural products and her mineral output in our markets. Nor do they modify the advantage which Russia will gain by entering into an Allied Customs Union. But it is essential that no illusory conceptions or sentimental exaggerations should mislead us as to the immediately available wealth of our greatest Ally; and in any common commercial and financial programme we must be sure to examine the terrible internal difficulties that will lie ahead of Russia after the war.

It is not too much to say that the whole future of Eastern Europe for at least a generation will depend upon the policy adopted by the Western Powers towards the vast Muscovite Empire. To relieve Russia from German bureaucratic dominance in favour of Anglo-French democratic influence may prove, even from the commercial standpoint, more valuable than the favoured tariff which is now being discussed. There need in future be no political and fiscal antagonism between the Western Powers and Russia. If the Russian people are allowed to proceed steadily on the road to social and economic freedom, there will certainly grow up much closer relations than those which exist to-day—relations that will then be upon common interests and mutual respect.

A Customs Union, and something more, with France and Italy would be easy to arrange; and in these cases, as both countries have suffered from open and secret attacks by Germany upon their economic and financial independence, the probability is that anything in the shape of public advances to German banks or finance houses might be closely restricted or rendered impossible for a term of years, while the Allied combination fortified itself against a renewal of the Germanic attack. It is possible that not only the Balkan States, but the Scandinavian nations, might also be induced to enter the Union, provided the Allies agreed to keep open to all the commerce of the Mediterranean, to secure freedom of transport on the Black Sea, and to prevent Constantinople and the Dardanelles from being used to their disadvantage by Russia in the South, while similar guarantees of commercial and political freedom were given to the Scandinavian peoples in the Baltic.

It is well to recognise at once that such a vast programme as this can only be successful if arranged, in the first instance, for a limited period. Its continuance depends on the power of the fleets of the Allies to dominate ocean traffic and to exercise the strictest supervision over imports from any countries which refuse to enter into their fold.*

The object of the Union is to prevent the Germanic Powers from using their wonderful skill in organisation and their scientific efficiency to check the development and override the interests of the combined nations during the years which they devote to the improvement of their own industries. But to turn this temporary expedient into a policy of permanent exclusion of the productions of a most important portion of the human race—itself, as we may hope, developing in the direction of complete democracy and social progress—would be a most foolish and injurious form of reaction. Bitter as we must all feel towards the enemy of to-day, who is preparing, even in war, for a furious trade conflict in peace, the time will assuredly come when the memory of the crimes committed by the Teutonic Empires will fade, and commercial relations will be renewed with the new generation of Germans, as they were

* The total population included in the suggested Allied Customs Union would comprise not fewer than 650,000,000 of the human race with increasing influence over China.

with the French after the great Napoleonic wars, which extended over twenty years. International comity cannot be permanently suppressed, whatever national feeling, as well as national interest, may reasonably counsel for the time being.

Meanwhile, our own main business at home is to learn from Germany those lessons of agricultural, industrial, and distributive efficiency which she has been teaching us for more than thirty years. Unless we at once set to work so to re-order our national life that huge slum areas, with the physical deterioration they engender, are finally swept away; to establish a system of training, feeding, and clothing which shall ensure health and strength to all from childhood onwards; to put an end to the furious profiteering of competition which renders all social reform under capitalism illusory and futile in the long run; to regard all measures as beneficial only in so far as they increase the well-being of the whole community, and thus secure the fullest development, physical, mental, and moral of each individual; to bring our political forms into direct democratic harmony with our economic collectivism—unless we do all these things, and do them quickly and thoroughly, all the tariff regulations and Customs Unions in the world will not save our nation from anarchical revolution or possibly final ruin.

Optimism and procrastination under such conditions as we see around us are mere fatuity. Even this stupendous war will not have been wholly harmful if, having saved Europe from the tyranny of Junkerdom, it forces England to enter upon the path of scientific Social-Democracy. Individual and company forms of capitalism have alike failed to hinder the degradation of the people by wage-slavery. It is high time we should all recognise that, only through the conscious action of the community as a whole in the common interest can we enter upon the new period of universal co-operation. Then, through the abolition of private property in the means of making wealth, we shall open up a new and glorious period for the happiness of the human race.

An Evening in a Dublin Pub

By William Orpen

Gusty winds were blowing in from the Bay, and wet and cold it was, one evening last November, when I went up Nassau Street to call for my friend Sinclair, and a few minutes later we, as usual, started out, and braving the elements with great determination rounded the corner of Grafton Street and went in through the little passage that once led to Pat Kinsella's famous music-hall, but now merely to a place of drink.

Like most other pubs in Dublin, it does not seem to have been designed to attract, but once inside it certainly has the effect of driving one to drink; anything more gloomy, sordid, and uncomfortable it would be hard to imagine; the wet, muddy, mosaic floor, the red marble counters sticky with the overflow froth of endless stouts; and on this particular night, with the wind howling and the rain splashing the windows, we were so overcome by our surroundings that we decided our usual splits were useless, so ordered two Baby Powers and a large soda—then, lighting our gold flakes, settled down to await the effects, and to our usual conversation of deeds past and to be, all important to us, but of no interest to anyone else.

A couple of minutes later, however, the door swung, letting in a gust of cold air that made us shudder and look round, and there we saw a khaki man hobbling in on two sticks. Up he came to the counter beside us, his face dripping with sweat, and of a colour the like of which I had never seen on any live human before, and his eyes had a strange look, like as if they weren't sure if they were alive or dead. Worried he was about something, that was certain sure. "Bottle of stout," says he, and drinks it down bang.

As it was about time for our second, I asked him if he would join us. He looked me up and down in a dazed

sort of way, and said, "Bottle of stout"; so I ordered the round, gave him a fag, and tried to enter into conversation, but with poor success, till all of a sudden he said, "You're not Germans, are you?"

When we finally satisfied him on this important point, he out and told us his story.

The doctors said he hadn't much longer, a month or six weeks at most. "It's the thump I got in me belly that's done me," says he, "and there's nothing to show for it on the outside at all, but they tell me the inside's all burst on me. It's the knee I get all the pity for, and there's no real harm done there, devil a bit, but it shows up well. Would you like me to tell you how I got them?" "Ay." "I'll have another bottle; it may make the sleep come to me without the damned morphia they give me every evening.

"Well, it was during the retreat from Mons, that's where I got them. We made our home in some ditches one night, and held the Germans all the next day, firing away. You get mechanical like at it, not noticing the hours slip by at all. It may have been about five in the evening when I found myself with devil another cartridge, so I looked round to see if I could borrow a few, or get some maybe off some poor lad who'd had a knock; and you may believe me when I tell you, there wasn't a man in the ditch that wasn't either dying or dead, every man jack of them! So I thinks to meself this is no place for the likes of me, and I starts to creep over them down the ditch to the west, as I saw some men moving in the ditch of the next field that way. Just when I got to them, a young officer shouts out to me, 'What the hell are you doing there, Sergeant?' Says I, 'I'm coming across to you because I'm lonely like. There's not a man jack of my lot left at all.' 'Go on now with this young lad,' says he, 'back to the village and bring out some more ammunition; we're running short here, and look lively.' So off we went creeping along, all doubled up, in the shelter of the ditches back to the village, which was only a hundred yards or so. We got the stuff right enough, and were bringing it back between us safe enough, but for one damned old field we had to cross with no ditch at all to it. They spotted us with the goods and peppered away, but not a damn one of them could pip us. Then, curses on them, if they didn't choose this minute of all others to

start their evening serenade with the big ones, and the first of all got us. The poor lad with me was blown to smithereens, and I got the bit in me knee like a kick from a mule; but I was all right, only a bit dazed like with the shock, so up I got on me sound leg and started to make for the ditch, as I'd had enough of the open. Now I can't tell you rightly what happened next, but I know there was an old farm cart in the field maybe about fifteen or twenty yards away from me, and I saw a shell hit it, and that's all I remember. I think some bit of that same old cart must have got me full in the belly; it's the only way I can account for the insides being burst on me. Ay, I might as well have another bottle.

"Well, when I woke up next it was near sunset, and I thought the senses had left me entirely; it felt so unnatural, for there wasn't a sound at all except for one little bird singing on the bushes just by me, and not a living soul to be seen anywhere east or west for love or money. It was a change surely. I lay there for a bit, and the only thing that seemed to worry me was that I couldn't see the wee bird, and he singing his nice little evening song peaceful as you please. Then I began thinking a bit clearer, and I says to meself, 'Con, me lad, if you lie here, I'm thinking you may lie till you're dead and stiff before any of the boys come back, for gone they are, and if one did come itself, it might as well be one of the Germans as one of your own, for we've moved our residence from this field that's sure; so up with you, me lad, and be off.'

"With that I started to get off the broad of me back, and the move was the first intimation I got that me belly was burst on me; so I rolled back again quick, and had another listen to the wee bird and another think. 'Be damn,' says I, 'it's getting cold and dusky, and if I could only get to the village there might be help and food and a roof over me head for the night.' Well, the long and short of it was that, between crawling and rolling and groaning and moaning, I got back to the main street of the village, and not a damn soul was there in it, not even the bird to keep me company. That broke the heart in me, and I gave up I did, just propped me back against the wall of an old house and dozed off—but not for long, for when I came to me senses again it wasn't quite dark, and

I heard the footsteps of a man walking far, far up the street to the east—good, strong, regular tramps they sounded. 'Con, me lad,' says I to meself, 'this is your finish surely, for our boys have gone west, that's sure, and this must be one of the German lads sent to find out if there's any food or drink left at all in this deserted spot.' Well, nearer and nearer he came, so I closed me eyes and had a bit of a pray, thinking sure it was me last minute had come. When I opened them again he wasn't more than twenty foot from me—and, glory be to God, what do you think met me eyes? Not trousers—no, nor britches neither, but a kilt! 'Hello, me son,' says I. Devil an answer did he give at all nor slack his step, so I let a roar out of me with all me might. That managed it—stop he did, and stood swaying like a chap who'd had his fill; and well for him it was, for if he'd gone on his next stop would have been his last, that's sure, for the left hand was off him and the right only had the little finger on it, and the blood was spurting out of him, buckets full. Now it's a strange thing, but me brain was as clear at that moment as ever it was, and says I to meself, 'He's got legs, and that's what you're wanting, me boy. Come and sit by me this minute,' says I; and already I was tearing at me shirt. Well, in about ten minutes I had him tied up, so he was scarcely losing any blood at all. Then we shared a drop of brandy I had, and between us we managed to get into a house, and beds there were in it, so we slept like great lords and potentates. It must have been about midday when I woke to the most terrible and awful sounds, for me gay Scotch laddie had gone a bit wrong in the brain-pan—terrible noises he was making, and cursing. The pain in me leg was bad, but I managed to crawl over to where he was. 'Steady now, me young buck,' says I, 'for this moment you're not at Dunrobbin, nor in Ulster itself for that matter, and it might be as well not to attract too much attention to ourselves'; but all the palaver I could summon didn't worry or trouble or stop him one bit. On he went cursing and blaspheming something cruel, so says I to meself, 'It's not fit and proper, Con, for a good Catholic like yourself to sit here and listen to the likes of this,' so I took him by the neck and nearly shook the liver out of him. 'Quiet now,' says I, 'or may the Lord have mercy on your soul.' He looked up at me with a face so

meek and mild I nearly felt like kissing him. Then he held out his arms and showed what was left of the ends of them. Puzzled I was. Then it came to me. 'Be damn,' says I, 'he's mad surely, and it's meself he thinks is a German. Glory be to the good God for putting this thought into his poor addled brain, for from now on he'll obey me, and I'll have the use of his legs. 'Tention!' I shouts. Up he went straight as a post, and not a move out of him. I crawled over to the door to have a listen—the firing was going on hot and strong, not more than a mile away west, so I knew the lads had made another bit of a stand; and says I to meself, 'The sooner you join them the better, or their next move might be on before you get there.' An old stick I found in a corner, and with the aid of that and me arm round Scottie's neck, we started our journey, he blubbering away—God rest his soul—thinking I was leading him to a terrible black German dungeon. Well, progress was slow but sure—a hundred yards or so and then a rest, and I making all the time to keep to the right, so as not to run into the back side of the Germans. When I thought we were well past them, 'Left turn!' says I. Closer and closer we got, and weaker and weaker we got. We'd left the road as we were right alongside of them, crossed a field and climbed through a gap into another, when, glory be to God, where the blazes do you think we found ourselves?—between the blooming trenches we were, that they'd dug the night before. 'Back and down quick,' says I, trying to duck back. But divil a bit would the Scotch lad go—mad as a March hare he was, but sometimes I do be thinking perhaps he caught sight of a Scotch cap over the trench for a moment. Anyway, on he went, and I had to go with him bang into the cross fire. When we got about a quarter way to our friends, the firing stopped. Ay, the Germans stopped as well as our lads, and a bit of a cheer went up. We must have made a pretty picture in that same field, and it was nice and kind of the Germans to stop, is that what you're thinking? Hold on now; don't judge till me tale's finished. When we got over to our trench out jumped ten or twelve of our lads to help us in, then the dirty dogs let us have it—aye, a full volley. About six of the lads were killed outright, and me bold prisoner with them, God rest his soul. Nice and kind of the Germans, wasn't it now?

"Well, I soon got shifted into a big cart with eight or ten other unfortunates. No springs were there to it, and along we bumped for two days and two nights, most of the men yelling with agony at every bump; three of them were dead before we got to Boulogne, and I remember now there was one lad that lay on his back; he'd had the nose and all the front of his mouth shot off him, and there he was with what was left turned up to the sun, with his eyes closed, and never a move out of him—so never sure were we at any time if he was alive or dead. Well, we were passing a great country residence, when out came the good lady of the house with choice foods and champagne for us. When she had the first bottle opened, off it went pop—and when he heard this same noise, up sat the lad with the half of a face, out went his arms and grabbed it, and up with it to the hole in his face, and drink it he did, till he fell back bottle and all, stone dead. It was an ugly sight, surely, he lying there with the bottle stuck in his gullet, but you couldn't blame him rightly, for I'm thinking the hurt he had may have given him a thirst; but an ugly sight it was, and that same sight put us off the drink; not one of us could touch a drop. Ah, well! now maybe I'm spoiling your evening, too, and it's time I got back to the hospital; please God I'll get a few moments' sleep. . . ."

About a fortnight later I learnt he was dead.

Music and War-Kultur

By Marian Cox

Music has always found its highest expression at periods of aggressive materialism such as the present time and in the conquering days of Imperial Rome. Modern music, in fact, is said to be "the last great legacy which Rome has left to the world." The Greeks, though the most æsthetic people the world has known, developed every art except that of music. It is true they created the theory of music as a sort of intellectual feat, but, outside of that, they showed no comprehension of the nature and effects of music as we know them to-day. The Greeks lived out their lives so simply, freely, and objectively that they never discovered the subjective sources of music as the Romans did. Rome boasted of her opposition to all the arts, and yet the renaissance of music began beneath her iron heel. Her concrete and austere mind was incapable of the broad culture that humanised the Greeks, and yet musical culture found its first congenial soil in those law-making, force-worshipping days when Christianity was contributing nothing as yet but more conflicts, new kinds of conflicts and oppressions to the existence of man.

The monks of the Roman Church first evolved the subjective element in modern music, for the erotico-religious diathesis is essential to creativeness in music—as in every art—and this received its greatest impetus from those renunciatory, monastic souls who sought in music what was denied to them in life.

But at last—like all predatory materialists—Rome grew senile and suicidal, and succumbed through sheer fear of life before the young German barbarians that rushed in to conquer the Roman Empire, then the world's Empire. Perhaps the hordes of young blond beasts sang then as they are singing now their terrible song of "Germany over all." And the sovereignty of music passed on from Rome to Germany.

Mammon, Megalomania, and Melomania. They breathed like three Fatalities in the spirit of Rome; and Germany, her conqueror, has been the first inheritor of that Roman spirit, second to which comes our own imperial young America. Musical, military Germany—so modern and yet ancient as Rome! There is a difference of degree and not of kind between the war-lusts of Cæsar's conquests and the music-lusts of Wagner's day.

But the Roman spirit is the distinctly modern spirit in Germany. Dormant for centuries, its culture has burst into its century-plant-like bloom during a brief period, beginning with the Bismarckian influence. Once there was a Golden Age in German culture, a hundred years ago, when the German mind was idealistic instead of materialistic and produced all its great poets and philosophers, its Goethe, Kant, and Schiller. That was before the German knew how great he was. Not yet tutored in the snobbery of his culture—German Culture over All!—his mind retained its capacity for true culture. Culture is a result of our admirations and not of our antagonisms; but the Herr Instructors of Germany reversed this order. The cultured mind, or mind capable of culture, is an open mind, receptive, growing, healthy—plastic and mobile like all living things. But the modern cultured mind of Germany is a closed mind, closed by antagonism, chauvinism, and sickliness of arrogance and pose. The soldier could not exist in human society except for the snob; and the most incendiary doctrine in the world is to teach the little man how great he is, for he has no means of proving it except by fighting.

Perhaps a recent personal experience has prejudiced me in my association of musical culture with the spirit of the great war. Last summer I was one of the marooned Americans in Europe, and the war-panic landed me in Bayreuth during those staggering first weeks of the mobilisation that followed after August 1st.

Bayreuth, with its fame for culture and its evidence of civilisation, seemed at first like a haven to our peace-loving American souls, so averse to the "dangerous living" which Nietzsche extols as a tonic for the system. "Here, surely, a poor foreign devil is safe," we said. "Without trains or automobile, or trunks or passports, or credit or money, or a Thomas Cook's or a Consul, here surely we are safe,

because Bayreuth is a City of Culture and a Resort of Foreigners."

Those three weeks in Bayreuth possessed the monotony of a bit of eternity in a Hell of Suspense. The mobilisation was going on, and all Bayreuth was in suspense as it watched the soldiers springing forth from its civilian life like a crop of Cadmus-teeth. Nobody seemed to know what had happened, why it had happened, or what was about to happen. There was "no news" except the official news, that bewildered instead of convinced. At the Wagner-Festspielhaus during the last act of "Parsifal," Saturday night, the singers and the audience had been informed for the first time of Germany's declaration of war. This meant the immediate closing of the opera house, the cancelling of all contracts, the tearing down of the Festival decorations from the houses and streets, and the precipitate flight of the visiting music-lovers and music-makers upon the last passenger trains before they were monopolised for the troops. Bayreuth is a garrison town, and thereafter every hour of the day and the night, the whistling little trains arrived at the Bahnhof to take away their load of youth for the Minotaur, War, across the frontiers.

A new kind of singing then reverberated through those Wagnerian streets attuned to the hush of a seeing, hearing, sympathetic culture to the soul-cry of man. The singing of the soldiers as they passed through the hushed streets in small tramping troops, so brand-new and strong, swinging their limbs together as rhythmically as a machine. Sometimes the wives and children trudged along beside the troops, mutely, until they reached the station and the trains started off with the singing soldiers, and then they cheered. But the whistle of the train always drowned the final cheering and singing like the shriek of some triumphant thing that carries off its prey to the bourn whence no traveller returns.

The little station was just opposite the hotel where we stopped, and they passed by our windows every hour: infantry and cavalry, marching to the measure of their song, or rumbling over the cobble-stones with their commissariat and cannon. One lady at our hotel frequently broke down and wept, declaring that she could "stand anything except the singing of the soldiers."

But we dared not venture forth upon the streets of Bayreuth for fear of the mob that reigned as despotically in this musically cultured atmosphere as in the benighted districts that had never heard the tones that are said to soothe the savage breast of man. Not a day passed without hearing of some vandalism committed by the mob. A shop-window broken because it bore the French sign "Café," an automobile smashed because it was of foreign make, some poor alien wanderer attacked as a spy; and once a Russian Princess, sister of the Czar, a Festival visitor in Bayreuth, fell into the hands of the mob and was seriously injured before rescued by some cosmopolitan-spirited Bavarians. Those beery, musical Philistines who composed the mob, but were called "the people," of Bayreuth must have found that kind of intoxication in popular outbursts of fury which Wagner tells about in his "Life," when confessing to his share in the students' vandalism at Leipzig. But the climax came in the rumour, which constantly recurred, that the Festspielhaus was about to be burned down by the "people" because it had been the cause of the foreigners' invasion of Bayreuth, and it was the foreigners now who were seeking to destroy the Fatherland and its Culture.

While in Bayreuth I suffered a series of disillusions regarding all that I had fancied previously about the psychologic results of musical culture, and the completion of the process came through a personal contact with Siegfried, son of Richard Wagner.

Siegfried Wagner is a picturesque figure on the streets of Bayreuth, where we saw him pass every day at a certain hour on his way to the Bürgerreuth or to the station to meet the trains of soldiers to whom he distributed autographed postcard pictures of himself, with the naïve liberality of a master of life's gifts. He was invariably accompanied by a huge St. Bernard dog, and several *Fraus* or *Fräuleins* who followed in his wake, and had the prim, womanly air of instruction in applause if not in music. He is below the average height for a German, and always wore knickerbockers, and was hatless upon the streets. A shock of grey hair crowning a long-featured, large face gives him a sort of pale leonine distinction. He walks in quick, nervous steps, but slightly bent forwards, with a self-absorbed, un-

seeing air, as if he were in a tremendous hurry about nothing at all, except himself. He has a Semitic profile, in blondness, and round china-blue eyes, hard as steel, though their contour is drooping. Evidently he is very vain of his appearance, for one sees it portrayed everywhere, on every wall and in every shop-window, in every pose and form and surroundings, in Bayreuth. The Owl Restaurant has a room entirely devoted to Siegfried's portraiture at every age, and it was here that I met him one evening.

"Do you speak German?" were his first words to me, uttered out of one side of his mouth, full of white radish.

At my negative reply he turned away and made fluent comments in his own language to his party of ladies. My companion translated for me that the Herr Wagner expressed astonishment at the daring of Americans in thus venturing into lands where they did not speak the language. Then the great man turned to me again, but only to stare, silently, for awhile, as though he were trying to make up his mind about that ubiquitous creature before him, the American woman, who so evidently does not know her place at home. His eyes were very round and hard, his face in a cud-like absorption, before he began to question me with the mannerless abruptness of a child or a king. I had been told before I met him that he had "the manners of royalty."

"What does America think of the war?" he asked.

"How can we know?" I replied, despairingly. "We have been in Germany since the war began. But," I added, with the tact learned by much globe-trotting, "one-tenth of the American people are Germans, you know."

At this a vague smile of approval lightened his heavy face. He translated my remark to his ladies, and seemed to discuss the war with them for a while, pleasingly, without opposition to his views. The German lady is so well-raised to please the musical and martial male! And then he turned again to me and stared and chewed and thought and chewed, before he gave me the fruit of his ruminations in a startling oracular remark.

"This war is America's opportunity," announced Siegfried Wagner. "America ought to grab Canada, and grab Mexico, and grab everything else she can get."

The rest of our conversation is irrelevant; besides, I

can never get beyond the memory of this grab-policy of life, as the enunciated faith of a High Priest of Culture, in my reminiscences of Bayreuth. Since then I have placed the musicians, the militarists, and the millionaires all together as the makers of our modern predatory civilisation.

I, too, will always see Bayreuth and the Festspielhaus again when I remember the passing troops of German soldiers, singing as if to the Wagnerian libretto of "Grab, grab, grab."

After I returned to America it struck me for the first time that our Empire city has adopted the culture of Bayreuth as she has adopted the clothes of Paris: one as the decoration of the mind, the other as the decoration of the body. It is but a step from the Huns of German culture to the Snobs of American culture.

In America our musical culture has been a costly indulgence which may yet cost us our dearly-bought democracy. To consider the money side alone, it is amazing to realise that the United States spends annually 600,000,000 dollars for its people's music, a sum three times greater than that which it spends for the Army and Navy. The price of our musical indulgence makes insignificant, in comparison, even the large sum represented by the liquor bill, another form of our national weaknesses. But the human toll we pay for music is more interesting to estimate than the financial cost.

It is estimated that ten thousand young girls come to the metropolis every year for the purpose of studying music. How many of this number are ever heard of afterwards in the musical professions? Their little veneer of musical culture merely unfits them for their homes; and the lure of music for American womankind has broken up more homes and has broken more hearts than all the other lures that we have heard so much about the past year. Our constant flow of young blood to Europe—and especially to Germany—is chiefly in quest of this *ignis fatuus* of the ambitious; and musical ambition has been more derogatory to American prestige and ideals than the financial ambition for which we are so much accused. The Old World comes to America for money; but we desert the New World for music.

Everybody recognises the fact that something has

destroyed the true values and happiness in the home-life of the American people, but no one as yet has traced it to its source: the influence wielded over the home by the modern musical culture that is symbolised by the piano in my lady's parlour. The royal prerogatives of the piano is the only original discovery made by the American woman. The piano has never affected the middle class of England, the bourgeois of France, or the folk of Germany—in which countries it is also the symbol of gentility!—as it has affected the American "people" in their homes. In the East it is at the core of our servant-problem, in the West of our servant-famine. It has cast the social odium upon the hands that work, and has sicklified with vanity the hands that play on the piano. It has made "a lady" out of what would have been a wholesome female, and this perversion of nature constitutes a common tragedy of domestic life, particularly in rural districts. The saloon thrives in sections where there is a thriving commerce in pianos. One musical member of a family can demoralise all the rest with false ideals, nerves, and the sacrifice of one's individual taste to what the world calls "culture." Doubtless everyone, at some time in life, has encountered the pathos of a shabby-genteel family who has sent a daughter "abroad to study music." The fatuous pride of it! The blighting self-denials! The cankering emptiness of the existence hungry for the clapping of hands around a lady's performance at the piano! "Home" to the American woman has come to mean simply a parlour with a piano.

But there are a few overlooked nondescripts, like myself, in America who possess no musical culture, instinctive or acquired, and we have begun to tremble with fear before the growing formidability of culture. A Great War of Culture already upon us! And we are informed by Germany, with all her academic and bellicose might, that culture is a matter of force and *not* of growth, as we had believed it to be once when we admired, respected, and trusted it.

In recent years the American people have become so affected by the music-craze, our nerves have become so morbid, our brains so emptied, our will-to-live so played upon, that nature has inspired us to seek a cure in the dance-craze. The dance-craze is nature's way of ridding the

human system of the poison of the music-craze. Movement is the effort of health to throw off the affections of the mind. Henry James cautions us against the mental effects of music with this advice, "Never to suffer one's self to have an emotion at a concert without expressing it afterwards in some actual way."

In modern times we have found another therapeutic use for music. Alienists employ it in insane asylums as a cure for certain forms of psychic malady such as hysteria, epilepsy and convulsions. The insane are greatly affected by music. It calms the violent, stirs the imbecile, and exalts the melancholic. In fact, *only* upon the deranged does it seem to exert an altogether wholesome and beneficial influence.

Napoleon discovered the militant value in music and doubtless the Kaiser has learned this also from the superman he has sought to emulate. Napoleon once wrote from Milan to the Inspecteurs du Conservatoire, who had charged him to copy the music of Italy: "Of all the fine arts, music is that which has the most influence upon the passions, and is that which the law ought to encourage the most." Napoleon, it seems, believed musical culture could be achieved through Legislatures just as the Kaiser believed it could be achieved through Armaments.

There is another element in the psychology of music which cannot be ignored, the sex-element. This has always been found out by the professional sleuths of sex such as the Puritans, the Clergy, the Comstocks, and the Mental Alienists; but the normal human being is too apt to ignore it wholly and to recognise in music only a heavenly appeal to the divine in man. He is apt to be *too* vain of his proficiency in musical appreciation. He declares it is so "spiritual" or "intellectual" and feels chastened and exalted after he goes through the music-loving process which has made him dream of angels.

But the Moralists have always objected with violence to any kind of Paradise on earth which man might construct for himself in spirit or senses. Therefore music fell under the virtuous ban when the moral-mongers discovered there was pleasure in it and that it was potent with the anathema, Sex. When the Puritans ascended to power in England in the seventeenth century, one of their first acts was an

attempt to silence the music that had made the Tudor period so vital and gay. They even denounced church-music and once destroyed the organ of Westminster Abbey as a source of corruption to the soul of man.

It is certain that if the case of Morality *versus* Music could have been presented in words instead of emotions during those days of man's militant morality and religion, it would have been silenced, completely, long ago. One can imagine the mute indignation excited in the breast of sacerdotal man when he experienced, all involuntarily, the mystic lures, and voluptuous titillations and savage thrills awakened by the uncensored, secular music of the day. The Church did the best it could for music and morality by making its singers eunuchs,—but music seems to exist in the inextinguishable nature of things, for it has gone on, developing its art surpassingly, in spite of all the ancient celibates and modern censors.

Biologically, music is the art of the male. Noise and combat are the two sex-qualifications of the male, as sympathy and service are the two sex-qualifications of the female. Thus to make music and to make war are closely related in the primal instinct of the male-organism in a world that still depends upon courtship and conquest for the preservation of the species. Twentieth century humanity is seen in Europe, to-day, in a supreme triumph of music, war and maleness.

Musicians and singers are invariably over-sexed beings. Ideal lovers, romantic strayers, supersensualists. That is why their private conduct so often affords a subject for public scandal or reprobation. It has been observed before that the woman who is endowed with musical genius, reveals certain stigmata of the male in her organism, mental or physical, and therefore she can be considered an abnormal woman. But the *normal* woman—without exception—possesses a susceptibility to sound, just as the normal man possesses a gift for sound, which it is useful to remember when we consider some of the many psychological mysteries of the sexes.

Modern music is woman's favourite refuge from the cages and censorships of woman's existence. The prude, the mis-mated and the imaginative fly to it—for in its wild waves they find a little exercise for their poor little

emotional wings. In the *Kreutzer Sonata* Tolstoi expresses his opinion that music is "the most refined lust of the senses." Cultured woman, therefore, is its devotee. During the ages, woman has been made to believe that she could achieve "refinement" only by the sacrifice of her senses, but through music woman recovers her elementary soundness again. As nature intended, music has a sexual effect on woman in inspiring her with a sense of rapturous surrender, with a Saint Theresa-like connubiality with the Divine; and upon man, also, it has a sexual effect, the dynamic effect—electrifying him with sound and fury, with creativeness and destruction.

It is the most natural thing in the world for a woman to fall in love with a musician, a singer, an orator, or merely a good-talker. This woman constantly does, though it never ceases to puzzle "mere man." And woman reveals her biological weakness for sound in every sincere, realistic novel she has ever written. Invariably the authoress describes, with eloquence, the voice of the hero of her romance; for every woman knows that nothing affects her whole being so overpoweringly as the voice of the man she loves.

As soon as we understand this human science within music, it becomes clear that the musical sense should not receive any more esteem or homage than is accorded to any other process of nature. Music possesses no appeal to the intellect—the morals—the ideals—or the spirituality of mankind. Its affinities are solely for the will-to-live of the species.

Music is too human, too terribly human to enjoy. It is the voice of humanity itself crying in the wilderness of the Infinite. A deeply sympathetic and spiritualised nature, a nature that has transcended sex and become aware of the inarticulate touch of the Omniscient—cannot experience so-called enjoyment of music. We know nothing of Heaven except its Silence, and we must believe in God as a Deaf-mute.

To step from the sublime to the ludicrous, it is significant to note here that the only animal which has developed a soul and possesses sympathy for mankind—the dog—cannot bear music. The dog is said to possess a sixth-sense, so sensitised is he to many intangible influences that

are unknown to the senses of man. The dog dislikes music. In the home he frequently reveals his wounded sensibilities by howling at the pianist or vocalist. The dog is the best friend of man.

The noise that delights the child annoys the adult; the music that gives pleasure to the uncultured adult annoys the cultured adult. It requires a finer sensibility to dislike music than to like it. Even Wagnerism appears to be a step further on towards the beatitude of silence, for many music-lovers have said that after they learned to understand and to enjoy Wagner, all other music became unbearable to them.

Many men of genius have found music disagreeable, or even dangerous to themselves. Darwin, Doctor Samuel Johnson, Victor Hugo, Carlyle, Théophile Gautier, Flaubert, Dumas *fils*, the De Goncourts, Zola, and many other great writers and artists have confessed to a constitutional antipathy to music. "Music," said Bill Nye, "is merely expensive noise." Schopenhauer often mentions his hatred of noise; De Musset, Carlyle and Flaubert lived in the country in order to escape the noise of the city; and Johnson wrote of music that it was merely the least disagreeable of noises. Bobby Burns could not distinguish one tune from another, and to Walter Scott music was but "a babble of confused sounds." Pierre de Coulevain confessed in one of her charming self-revelations that music never pleased her except when it stopped.

Berlioz has described the effect of music upon himself: "First a sense of voluptuous ecstasy, immediately followed by general agitation with palpitation, oppression, sobbing, trembling, sometimes terminating with a kind of fainting fit." Maliban fell in a convulsive fit on first hearing Beethoven's symphony in C minor. Beethoven is responsible also for a similar effect upon Richard Wagner. "I hardly know," wrote Wagner, "for what I was originally intended. I only know that I heard one evening a symphony of Beethoven's, that I thereupon fell ill of a fever, and that when I recovered I was—a musician!"

Between Actions

By A. H. M.

JUST before dusk I was sent up with my platoon to join D Company, who had more line than the number of men in the company could safely hold. After being shown the section of ground where my men were wanted, I went off to join the other officers of the company, who were having a bit of dinner in a cottage, leaving the men to improve the trench, and telling Jenkins, my soldier-servant, to make a good big dug-out for us both.

It is interesting now to record that the officer commanding the company to which I was lent was a man I had known in times of peace and loathed to the point which drives a man to homicide. He was a fine great fellow, but a bit rough with subalterns, and had, as he no doubt thought for my own good, made my life a burden to me when I joined the regiment. I often used to say to myself, when discipline and mess etiquette prevented my replying to his remarks to me in the ante-room in days of peace: "My sainted aunt—if ever I get alone with you in the desert, my friend, I'll shoot." For two or three years we never spoke to each other, and then suddenly I found myself sent up to serve under him in the firing line in front of La Bassée. How circumstances alter cases. He had me in his hands then. Had he been the bully I thought him, there were a hundred dirty jobs he could have made me do. He could have sent me out on patrol or with messages to the next regiment. There were many nasty things which had to be done that night. But all he said, when I came up and reported myself as having been sent up to reinforce him with a platoon, was: "Hullo, old chap. Look here, I just want you to put your men along here, do you see?"—indicating the gap he wanted filled—"and when you've done that, come into the cottage and have a bit of dinner."

It was hospitable at a time when each man carried

his own rations for the day, and I had none left. The putting out of patrols and walking up and down the line he did himself rather than ask me, whose job it was as his subaltern for the time being. A few days later, when I was hit, he was one of the first people to come up to me, and he was himself killed five minutes later, gallantly leading a charge to drive the Germans back from the spot where the wounded were lying.

While we were having dinner, the other subalterns and myself compared notes about the different quarters we had for the night; one saying he had not room to lie down in his dug-out; another that he had found a lot of hay and made a fine lair; and the machine-gun officer saying that he was best off of all, as he had his guns peeping from the window of a bedroom above, and proposed to spend the night in bed by the side of them.

When the meal was over and we had had a smoke, we dispersed to the different sections of the defence we were holding. I found that Jenkins had made a beautiful dug-out, lined it with straw, and roofed it with some V-shaped pieces of thatch which the peasants in that part of France use to protect their fruit. He had allowed just the right space for me to lie down, and done everything he could think of that would enable us to spend the night comfortably. Jenkins in private life was a chauffeur-valet, of a fastidious, easily ruffled, and slightly grasping disposition. However, though he would have died rather than wear some of my old clothes, he was so well able to adapt himself to the war that he won the D.C.M.

Having looked along the trench and moved the group sentry to a point just near the dug-out, I settled down beside Jenkins on the straw. Jenkins and I shared a little rum I had left over in my flask from the day's rations, and, feeling very warm and good inside, closed our eyes. My guardian angel was with me that evening, for I could not sleep, and Jenkins, who could, kept grunting, which got on my nerves so near my ear, so I decided to take some of the straw and lie down behind the trench outside.

It was very dark, and the outline of the group sentry could just be seen against the parapet. From where I had been in the dug-out I could not see either of the sentries. As we were in the front line, with nothing but a stretch of

ploughland between ourselves and the Germans and all the men in the trench were asleep, those two sentries were pretty important. I lay there watching them with half-closed eyes. One was resting with his head on the parapet (which is permissible as long as the other keeps a sharp watch), but to my horror I saw the other, after about ten minutes, turn round, sit against the parapet with his back to the enemy, and deliberately drop his head on his arms and go to sleep. We now had no one keeping watch over us at all, and there was nothing to stop the Germans creeping over and bayoneting a trench full of sleeping men. My first instinct was to march the sentry straight off under arrest, then I remembered the penalty, and that he was only a boy, and that it was many days and nights since the men had had proper sleep. So I crept towards him, gave him a crack under the jaw with my fist, which would effectively keep him awake for the rest of his turn of duty, said, "You dare to turn round with your back to the enemy," and lay down again. I remember waking up uneasily every quarter of an hour through the night and looking to see if the sentry was keeping awake, and being reassured by a plaintive snuffling as the boy looked ahead and rubbed his chin.

At 4 a.m. a regiment came to take over our lines, and we were sent back in reserve. We marched back about a mile to a big empty farm, where we were told we were going to spend the day. I had rejoined my own company, and, as caterer for the company officers' mess, set about getting breakfast for the five officers.

One of the latter, Edwards, was fresh out to the Front, and had not quite got out of the way of being waited on by mess waiters. We had sat down to the meal, which I had got ready on a table in the garden. Edwards came up late, and found there was no tea left, so I sent him to the kitchen to get some. Later we all wanted another cup, and I despatched him again, as he was the junior of the party, and I did not see why I should do all the work. He came back and said there was no one there; what was he to do about the tea? I said, "Make it." He said he did not know how to. I took him gently by the arm and led him to the kitchen to show him. When we had finished breakfast, Matley and the senior platoon commanders lit their pipes, while I cleared away the things. Edwards

pulled out his pipe too. But I said, "No, my boy; you help here." I had an armful of crockery as I spoke, which I was taking to wash up. Looking rather hurt, he followed me into the kitchen, carrying a teaspoon. "I don't see why I should do all this," he said, as we were washing up. "Don't you, my boy?" I said, sharply. "And do you see any reason for me doing it?" He did not answer. "It may not be one of the things you learnt at Sandhurst," I continued, "but when you've been engaged in this campaign a little longer, you'll discover that if you don't bally well shift for yourself you'll starve."

He was a good boy all the same, and got a bullet through the knee leading his men at ——, and is a guest of the Kaiser now.

For lunch we had a McConichie. McConichie is a form of tinned stew, and very succulent if properly cooked, as vegetables and a rich gravy are contained in the tin. The usual way is to put the tin in a saucepan of boiling water, let it boil for a while, and then take it out and open it. However, that day as we were in a hurry—we had had orders to take over the Westshires' trenches at midnight—I put the tin straight on the fire, thinking to warm it up quicker. We were sitting round talking when Evans suddenly exclaimed, "Gad, look at that tin!"

We looked and saw it swelling itself out. The gravy had turned to steam, and the thing was on the point of bursting. I seized the tongs and snatched it from the fire, placing it on the table. The thing still seemed to be swelling gently.

"Quick," said Matley, "prick it—it will go off."

I opened my clasp knife and gave it a jab. There was a sound like an engine-whistle, and a jet of gravy steam shot into Matley's eye.

"Oh, oh, you blithering idiot," he shouted, dancing about the room with his hand clapped to his eye.

I watched the tin, wondering if all the stew had turned to steam. However, happily it had not, and what subsequently proved to be our last meal all together was a good one.

After lunch I strolled across to have a look at the field dressing station, which was in one of the farm outbuildings.

The doctor was attending to one or two wounded who

came in, but not having a very busy time. I watched him at work for a little while. He was wonderfully thorough considering that his ward consisted of an open yard and his material a box of dressings, a pair of scissors, and a bottle of iodine. He stripped off the field bandages of each man that came in and put on fresh dressings. One fellow walked in with a bullet straight through his chest. He was deathly pale, but he stood up while they took off his jacket and cut his shirt away, and looked down quite unconcerned at the blood pouring from the hole through him.

At four o'clock we were told we were wanted in the firing-line again. Matley made the men take off their great-coats and advised the officers to put away their macintoshes.

This last piece of advice was very sound. An officer wearing a macintosh is a conspicuous target in a line of men, and many have met their death through doing it. Officers will carry rifles, cover their field-glasses with khaki cloth, wear web equipment, and take all sorts of precautions to make themselves as like the men as possible, and then the first time a shower of rain comes put on their macintoshes and forget to take them off again when they advance. They might just as well wear surplices.

Off with the Blinkers!

By Austin Harrison

SEVEN months ago I wrote in this REVIEW that if the Government continued to run the country "in blinkers," they would fall, and, instead of unity, which presumably was their object, chaos would ensue, dissension and suspicion, and in lieu of discipline, *opinion* would reign—opinion which in war is as fatal as in peace it may be regarded as ideal. The Government fell—inevitably; but it only half fell. A deal was made, and we got a Coalition with pooled salaries, somewhat on the lines of "musical chairs."

Those who knew anything of war—Continental war; those who knew the Germans and their stupendous power of organisation, their military efficiency, potentiality, and national determination; those who realised the difficulties besetting an individualist, competitive, and systemless Democracy such as ours in the stress of a struggle for life—all such men viewed the new Coalition with scant enthusiasm; they wanted soldiers, business men; they received more politicians. They knew the death-trap of Front-Bench etiquette, that public-school code that curbs the strongest spirit under the sacrosanctity of Ministerial and Parliamentary tradition.

It was business as usual—the Cabinet night-cap! Only Mr. Redmond refused to get fitted. Only Mr. Lloyd George—Welshman, artist, and non-public-school man—seemed able to stand four-square, to set out to work on his own, to resist the "barring-out" process of Cabinet *régime*; and to him the people looked. Others, more thoughtful, looked at the grotesque size of our new War Government. Business men counted their numbers, and their salaries—twenty-two in the Cabinet; two hundred in the Government, and shook their heads. "Is this business?" they asked. At a time when leadership is imperative, when the fate of Britain hangs on *decisions*, when the great need of the hour is Authority—what reason is this that places twenty-two captains on the bridge; how can such a heterogeneous, unwieldy assembly of individualists lead, decide or act, when obviously it must be difficult enough for them to agree among themselves, to avoid

"splits," let alone think collectively, or inspire, seeing that it is the fault of our Democracy, according to the ex-Minister of War, "not to inspire and not to lead"?

Months have passed. The Press was to be provided with a smaller size of blinkers, so that it might not make the country look quite such a guy in the greatest crisis in its history—but these were only words: like Mr. Churchill's "rat-digging," just a little maraschino, so to speak, in our Sunday jelly, which, by the way, was Lord Roberts's favourite sweet. The gag remained. We exchanged complimentary badges. The badges of optimism and pessimism.

Pray, silence for the Coalition!

Most unwise to talk. The twenty-two know; no one else. When Mr. Asquith makes up his mind, we shall know. Not before. Don't hurry him. He's Prime Minister—you're not. Trust in the tradition of muddle, gentlemen.

But there are squibs, rockets, and—bombs. Now and then Mr. Lloyd George can't stand the trash any longer, and breaks out, generally followed by flat contradictions from certain Ministers * and the tambourine rattling of the Party Press, who to-day, with an absolutely comic impudence, pose as national lion-hearts.

And so it has gone on ever since the Coalition came into power. Always self-satisfaction. Always hazy opportunism. Always telling us to wait and see, but never telling us anything, except to "go to heel," while repudiating Governmental responsibility.

A top-heavy Government, wobbling like a motor-bus, waiting to see how long the Germans will give them the opportunity of deferring decisions. Labour restive, strepitant, suspicious, and inclined to be mutinous. The general public blissfully ignorant, swaddled in the cotton-wool of the ante-bellum Pacifist and pro-German Press. Alarums from Mr. Lloyd George, wrestling with the competitive system, fractious Union theorists, his own principles, and the tangles and intricacies of the most consummately difficult business problem which only a giant among business men could expect to cope with. The Press in blinkers. The Government august and silent. The

* See the Potsdam Diary.

soldiers wondering what we are all about, arguing when we ought to be doing; when, if we don't get doing pretty smart, we shall, as Mr. Lloyd George informs us, "slouch" serenely into disaster.

Since Parliament was sent packing on a holiday on the eve of the most critical military events so far in the war, the military situation has entirely changed and its issues become even more problematical.

Secrecy, of course, leads to mystery. A man expresses an opinion, and at once he is bill-hooked with the rejoinder: "How do you know?" Those who do know and speak are thus conveniently clubbed by the politicians. So no one knows. The slightest criticism calls forth taunts such as pro-German, unpatriotic. Almost one might think the object of the Government was to provoke controversy and "conscientious objection." And all the time the absurd, illogical falsehood continues about Liberty and Compulsion; the truth being that taxation is compulsory and silence is compulsory, whereas the main thing, the creation of the necessary Armies, is left optional, as if that did not matter.

This, of course, is the inevitable result of secrecy and a censorship upon a Democracy accustomed to ventilate its opinions and thrash things out openly. It served for a while, but it has long ago spent its purpose. To-day—the fact must be apparent to many men—the reaction and repercussion have begun. Suspicion is rampant. Deep down in the hearts of the people feelings of discontent and uncertainty are rising. The man in the street, having passed from optimist to cynic, is to-day his own expert. He knows a lot. Inevitably thousands of soldiers come back and—talk. They talk pretty straight, too. They don't understand the strikes, the Labour tricks and Union dodges to qualify work, the Democratic principle which works for higher wages in war, the self-satisfaction current, the internal bickering, the atmosphere of smugness, the absence of government, the lack of a lead, the Press war, the Labour war, the Welsh war, the rival No-Fellowship and Union of Democratic Control brigades, the misrepresentation of facts connected with the war, the want of reality and realisation, the hiding up of things that everyone knows, the absence of national unity and organisation. Yes, we are soliloquising to-day; each man according to his lights.

And whose fault is it? Not that of the Press. No, the Government cannot lay that charge on the Press. If journalism has failed, it has failed because its conscience has been dragooned, its intelligence cribbed, its responsibility taken from it. With a want of imagination well-nigh inconceivable in a Government of popularly-elected politicians who live by applause, they deprived themselves of the one prop necessary to their existence, as they deprived the country of the one medium necessary to the proper understanding of its responsibilities.

No doubt they meant to be very military and helpful. Grossly underrating the enemy from the outset, they thought it would be a short war * won by the overwhelming numbers of the Russians, a war in which England would play a subsidiary and advantageous part to the great benefit of her trade. Wrong individually and collectively about Germany before the war, they have never risen to the height of their responsibility, because they have never understood the gravity of the war; never realised the stupendous sacrifices necessary for success; never grasped the indispensable condition of military success—government on the basis of national service.

At the beginning of the war their Press showed their hands with unmistakable bluntness. August 3rd, the *Daily Chronicle* published these words from their Parliamentary correspondent:—

"Whatever the outcome of the present tension, I believe that the Cabinet have definitely decided not to send our Expeditionary Force abroad. Truth to tell, the issues which have precipitated the conflict which threatens to devastate the whole of Europe are not worth the bones of a single soldier."

So spoke the leading organ of the Government, August 3rd, 1914. It makes one shudder to read those words to-day. Since then, and quite recently, Liberal newspapers have said they would rather be beaten than fight at full strength. That is actually the position of *political* Liberalism at this hour, the position held by powerful sections of opinion up and down these Islands: the position of the ante-war electoral Majority.

Of course, I know there is a Coalition, but Mr. Asquith

* Their speeches prove that.

controls it; he dominates it as with his admirable manner and personality he dominates Westminster. The question of national service has the "Government's attention," he told the House on its reassembly. One might think it was an abstract political question, such as woman's suffrage.

It is idle for Liberal newspapers to pretend they oppose conscription on military grounds—the only grounds that matter to-day. They oppose it on principle: the principle of Liberalism, for again and again they have asserted this. They think politically therefore; it is policy they are fighting for, and this again is plainly shown by the attitude assumed by certain Liberal members, and endorsed by Mr. Asquith, towards Service members speaking, as they complain, in the name of the Army instead of their constituencies.

But the Army is the only thing that signifies now. How can a soldier, home from the Front, speak or think otherwise than as a soldier? Not only is it his right, it is his duty to speak for the Army. Why then does Mr. Asquith rebuke them for not speaking "out of their constituencies"; when they know the facts, whereas their constituencies do not; when alone these are the men who *ought to speak*, and interpret not what those at home say, but what the Army thinks and wants—the Army which is doing the work, while here we are not allowed to know anything?

Such a Governmental attitude in time of war towards the Service member is farcical and untenable. The real and sad truth is that the Government hesitate because of the Irish, the Welsh, Trade Unionism, and their own political following, who fear in national service the negation of their Liberal principles.

The *Daily News* has put the political Liberal case with a cynicism that the country will long remember. "The Army as such has no political status, and its sole duty is to obey the civil power." Politics could go no further. These are the words of blind partisanship. In war they are ridiculous.

Mr. Dillon holds up a warning finger, he who would coerce Ireland into Home Rule. Mr. Stephen Walsh, speaking for Labour, seems to think that national service in time of national crisis means disservice to country, whereas its sole purpose is higher utility. But Mr. Walsh

knows only too well how the miners "do it"; how they have kept the tongues of the soldiers in France hanging out of their mouths for fear they would betray them; how England has been kept on tenterhooks ever since the war began by fitful and chronic strikes and threats of strikes—all run on the most ruthless system of class discipline and class compulsion, so-called Democratic Liberty.

If, as Mr. Asquith laid it down, "the Army, as an Army, has no representation in this House," why does organised Labour have the right *in war* to speak, to strike, to organise, to fight against the Army, to compel? It is fantastic. If our principle is No Compulsion, then Labour too has no right of class compulsion. If the Army in war is not to be heard at Westminster while recalcitrant Labour may be heard, then we have reached the end of reason in this country, and a Prime Minister who will support such a manifestly grotesque position has no right to address the Army.*

The truth is that all politicians are bad and unpatriotic to-day who don't think as soldiers; don't speak for the soldiers; don't do what the soldiers want them to do; don't place for the duration of the war all political questions, ideas, and principles in cold-storage and oblivion.

Out of this turmoil of passion, prejudice, ignorance, individualism, and opinion, one central truth emerges overshadowing all other matters, namely, the necessity now to fight as close to full strength as we can. If we are determined to win, that is the only way. Money will prove as great a delusion as our reliance on the Russians. We only can strike the decisive blows. For the war will end in the West, as it began there, and decisions can only be attained in France and in Flanders.

The man who does not understand that in the fourteenth month of the war is blind.

Some months ago I suggested that editors should meet to find some common way of dealing with the situation, as they did in France. In Germany, of course, there is no

* The need of the hour is of truth. People object to discipline and service because they don't think it necessary. They don't know. They have been gassed with "fatuous optimism." To-day it is the Ministerial dilemma. Attempts to silence service members can have no object except to prevent enlightenment. In a Democracy, such secrecy is fatal, as we are now slowly realising.

such thing as dissension, because the military machine is all-powerful, and the whole country has for decades been organised and disciplined for war. The proposal was ignored or pooh-poohed. Now it is only too obvious that Liberal newspapers are bitterly opposed to national service, preferring their principles to national necessity. But there is still hope. If the Press won't agree to agree, portions of the Press may agree, at least that section of the Press which thinks nationally.

The hour is at hand. It seems to me imperative that all editors who support national service should now unite and formulate a common policy. There is still time. If the Liberal Press stands out, no matter. The Armies, the Democratic Armies, are behind the supporters of conscription. To fail the soldiers is to fail in our supreme duty towards them.

Let these men come together. They are business men. In a couple of hours they will find ground for common utility. This is no time for further procrastination. Our duty is plain. It is to unite, to support the demands of the soldiers, to set out the truth in the land.

National service cannot be carried out with a stroke of the pen; it will be a matter of months of organisation. Yet anything would be preferable to the present condition of indecision and inaction. And any man who does something is better than the man who does nothing in expectation of adventitious inspiration.*

The Press alone can provide that inspiration. Mr. Lloyd George has told us that the man who shirks the truth is committing "high treason." Unquestionably he is. This year will be the most critical and decisive in our history. I believe the Press can yet save us, but it won't if it wastes much more time squabbling among itself. Only the Press can rouse the people to see the war as it is and take the proud step essential to victory. And the first thing for a responsible Press to do is to say resolutely to those in authority: "Away with half-measures, and off with the Blinkers!"

* Mr. Balfour recently told us that no one could have foreseen the gravity of the menace from the air. Here we have official blindness again, or wait and see. Years before the war, Lord Northcliffe warned the public of the aerial danger; Mr. Wells has written books about it. It is a pity Mr. Balfour does not read (so it is said) the newspapers.

Mr. Thomas and Labour

By Austin Harrison

As distinct from the political hatred of national service, which implies the breaking away from the Manchester School of "go as you please," the objection of Labour to service is in the main based on the Englishman's hatred of what the Liberal Press has cunningly but mendaciously dubbed Militarism. When Mr. Thomas threatens a railway strike if the State tries to win the war by adopting the only military course left to it, he really thinks politically, though doubtless he would dispute it. And that is our English trouble—crooked thinking as the result of Manchester politics.

If Mr. Thomas needs a proof, here it is. State service is pure Socialism; it is the application of the Collectivist principle. Bebel and the German Socialists have always approved a State compulsory Militia. No Socialist in Germany advocated the right of the citizen to refuse to defend his country, and, as Socialists, they couldn't. They haven't, as we know. Now Mr. Thomas stands for Socialist principles and yet combats the quintessential principle of Socialism—the socialisation of the life and forces of the country in the service of the Collectivist State—in peace or in war. Could Mr. Thomas free his mind from *ante bellum* Liberal doctrines and think Socialistically, he would at once realise that nothing is more anti-Socialistic, more, that is, in the interests of the Bourgeois or Capitalistic State, than a system such as ours, which *disregards* the duty to State and leaves it to the individual to decide which of the two—the individual or the State—is of the most consequence. The logic of this is even more incontrovertible in its application to parity and equity on the Socialistic basis of economics. For the whole foundation of Social Democracy is the State—the right of the State in its relation to the individual—as the whole principle of the political movement is class *compulsory* discipline and organisation.

It is because the German Socialists are so logical that they are to-day fighting for the State *to a man*, whereas we with our political nebulosities think we are proving ourselves good Socialists by showing ourselves bad patriots.

We are paying the price of Manchester insularity. It is because Labour in England has never had an intellectual individuality of its own, but has followed in the wake of the essentially Bourgeois Manchester Radicalism, which in reality is in all essentials opposed to Socialism, that Union leaders to-day think they are talking Socialism, in the interests of a class that is, when in reality they are merely bolstering up the to-day effete theories of a capitalistic Radicalism, cosmopolitan because its commercial interests —which are not at all those of Labour—are international.

I have often talked this over with the heads of German Social Democracy, and they invariably said the same thing. "You are not logical in England. Labour there is merely theoretical Radicalism. In a serious war you will all fight among yourselves, trying to find the logic and reason for your separatist actions." As Bebel once said to me: "Fight for Germany, of course I would. I believe in a compulsory Militia. It is our principle. What we don't believe in is Monarchy and Capitalism."

In reality, Liberalism is just as opposed to Socialism as is Conservatism, but old-time Conservatism no longer exists to-day. That is the confusion of thought which leads Mr. Thomas to support the Liberal cry about Militarism. Now there is no question of Militarism, or of politics. The sole question before the country is this: Will our existing Army of nearly three million men suffice to save the State from defeat, since we are defeated if we don't win? Mr. Thomas can answer that from his certain knowledge of what the soldiers say, as apart from the newspapers. He therefore knows we shall need probably another two million men. And that being so, it is just as much his State business to help the State to get them as it is Lord Kitchener's to decide, on military grounds, how many men he needs and can deal with at a time.

Nothing else matters.

Personally I think Mr. Thomas is wrong about the railwaymen. They would not strike if compulsion was introduced. They have far too many pals and relations

serving for that. What they resent is not the incidence of compulsory service, but the present unfair incidence of competitive Radical Capitalism without a share in the profits of labour—which is a very different thing. Here Mr. Thomas and Labour are logical.

In a word, they don't see why Labour should be placed under compulsory military and industrial law while the competitive or profit-making (so-called expropriation) system is allowed. I think they are right. And that also is the miners' case. Here it is for the State to be logical. If we have compulsion of service, we must have socialisation of industries as well, otherwise we shall never get out of the ruck of political feud and controversy; and it is because Capitalistic or Bourgeois Radicalism realise that only too acutely that they oppose military service for all, and so do their best to confound the issue of military necessity with their own purely selfish interests, which are *commercial* and not national.

When Mr. Thomas understands that, he will change his mind. Mr. Thomas is not logically a Socialist; he still thinks as a henchman of capitalistic Radicalism. To-day the State is weak because the State has not the necessary Collectivist powers. Mr. Thomas can give the State these powers. When he does, the State will operate for the State, and with him. It cannot before. If Mr. Thomas really desires to help Britain to win, he will not oppose national service; he will insist upon it as a Socialist ideal; and he will insist on the State socialisation of industries—the coal mines, and profits generally; and he will get them, and Britain will get the necessary Armies.

We shall then be able to understand Mr. Thomas, which is at present impossible, seeing that he was not elected to Westminster as a Radical. His present attitude is not helping the "masses"; it is not Socialistic, nor is it Labour economics; it is Radicalism of Mr. Cobden's time, and he is serving the cause of Capitalism.*

There is no logic in any other view. Mr. Thomas is unconsciously the Shaw or paradox of society at this

* As the object of Socialism is State Socialisation or Collectivism, and the means towards that end, class discipline and organisation, it is clear that Socialists advocate compulsion, or authority, and that a State with only economic and no military authority would mean nothing at all. But that is the negation in war.

moment. Now the need is of soldiers. If Mr. Thomas speaks responsibly for the railwaymen, then they are not logical, for, as we know, they are working splendidly for this country, whereas they ought to strike if they oppose the idea of service for the State. In their own ranks they enforce discipline and organisation by compulsion. Mr. Thomas is so illogical that he champions compulsory opposition while opposing the idea nationally. He does so because he cannot think nationally. But the French and German Socalists do. And the reason is that they think on a strict class basis, whereas Labour here thinks Radically or politically.

It is this political tag, Militarism, they jib at—a thing non-existent in war. Militarism is merely a political cry of the Radicals, which obviously in war has no meaning at all. In war everything is, or should be, military, because nothing else counts. The more military a people are in war, the more effective they will be, that is all. Militarism in war is merely Buggerboo. In peace there is the polarity —Militarism; in war the only polarity is Pacificism, which is not what Mr. Thomas stands for. And were it not for our ingrained habit of loose thinking, no sane man could get up and talk about Militarism either as a virtue or an evil in time of war, when the indispensable condition of success is all the concentrated Militarism available. To fight Militarism in war is to fight war, *i.e.*, to support the enemy.

So that it comes to this: If Labour refuses the State right of compulsory service, it denies thereby all its own principles in the *direct interest of Capitalistic Industrialism.* In truth, Labour never had such an opportunity to socialise the State. The Army is already socialised. The moment Labour * understands the difference between Socialisation and Radicalism, it will be Labour which will insist on compulsion, and Labour which will emerge from the war with its Democratic Army—triumphant.

* The railways also have been socialised or placed under State control. In war that means they are a direct part of the military administration. To strike is treason or mutiny, just as much as the refusal of a regiment to enter the trenches would be mutiny. Our Emergency Act is capable of dealing with any railway strike, if applied. If we are to tolerate mutiny in the military administration, then we had better admit we are neither able nor willing to govern, let alone defend, the country.

A Germano-British Association Meeting and Address

By a British Member

We are a strange and long-suffering people, not to be read by other peoples, with little power apparently of understanding ourselves, of regulating our affairs in our own interest. Reticent as we are mentally to an extraordinary extent, it is not surprising that others cannot understand us or fathom our purpose—when we have one.

Hitherto the British Association has been a British institution in constitution and conduct; it is strange that it should cease to be so and fall under alien control in this year of all years, the eighty-fifth of its existence, when we are at war with Germany.

The Council nominated, early last year, as President for this year a gentleman whose brother and cousin have publicly referred to themselves as of German extraction—at all events, he was born in Frankfurt in 1851, and educated in Germany until 1866. Several months later the nomination appears to have been thoughtlessly accepted by the General Committee in Australia, a few days after the outbreak of war, before the German character was declared and displayed, as it now is, in all its nakedness. The election once made, all control passed out of the hands of the Association: the President-elect became master of the situation. A statement has been made in the Press that the Council of the Association did not all desire to hold the meeting. If report speaks truly, it was cleverly engineered by a small academic party, and Manchester in general had no wish for it.

We are told that although only a naturalised subject of our Crown, the President proclaims himself thoroughly English and desires to be so regarded. But by his act he has stultified this claim. Had he been with us, heart

and soul, the first thing he would have done would have been to appreciate the false position in which he was placed—the way in which his presence in the chair of an Association so essentially British would be open to misconstruction and certainly meet with objection, if it were not widely and actively resented; he would have retired promptly and gracefully and by so doing would have gained the esteem which he has forfeited by holding on. Modesty is not a Teutonic attribute. He must either have been affected with extreme lack of tact or actuated by obstinacy—the German is very obstinate—if not by vanity and the desire to consolidate his scientific position, in the eyes of his colleagues and of the country, with a view to the maintenance of his position as Secretary of the Royal Society of London. False as his position has been as President of the British Association, not a few have raised no public objection to his appearance in this office, feeling as they have done that this was of no moment while he was suffered to hold office in the Royal Society, in a position demanding the utmost activity on behalf of British interests such as no person of foreign origin and education can possibly display at the present time.

In justification, we have had the usual talk of science being international: much the Germans are doing to prove this. Their shining light, Professor Ostwald, at one time the petted guest of English homes, who acquired his position in Germany largely through the adulation he received here, has lost no opportunity of belittling us and preaching our downfall. Professor Nernst, one of the most distinguished German—or should it be Jewish—physicists, has received the Iron Cross of the First Order for his invention in connection with asphyxiating bombs among the other gentle services which he has rendered. And the hellish use the Germans have made of chlorine gas in the field against the Allies generally, which has gained for them the epithet "the poisoners," is the work of science.

Our scientific men have asked us to turn the other cheek to the enemy—we are such weaklings apparently that we have done so. It does not seem that the representatives of science are to be credited with much perspicacity. To cry "science as usual" at such a time was a little out of place and inconsiderate; as was foreseen, the game could not be

played successfully. We have heard it said that as a body they seem to be emasculate—it is clear no such aspersions of their German colleagues is possible, as there is plenty of fight in them; in any case, it were time that they became alive to their responsibilities to the public.

At the opening meeting, having put the Association in the wrong by his presence in the chair, the President moved an address to the King, assuring his Majesty that the members of the Association were anxious to devote all their energies to assisting the Government in the task of bringing the war to a victorious conclusion—an assurance which should have been quite unnecessary, seeing that the professors of science have not the grit in them to be trades unionists. Coming from the Secretary of the Royal Society, too, the assurance had no little irony in it—in view of officially unchallenged statements made in the Press of late that many scientific workers have long been hungering for proper opportunities of using their energies in the service of the State and that the Royal Society declines to organise them effectively for the purpose. If such be the case, the statement made in Mr. Balfour's letter read to the meeting, that the Royal Society have placed all their scientific resources at the disposal of the Government, cannot be correct. Why a correspondence between two gentlemen, both absent from the meeting, should have been read at all is not clear. Mr. Balfour cannot have reflected on what he was doing or he would not have allowed himself to be so obviously made use of as a means of saving the situation.

As to the address itself, the less said the better. So weak or misleading a pronouncement, less logical argument, has never before been presented to a British Association audience. At a time like the present, it should have been possible to say much of value with regard to the usefulness of science in the public service—to have said something to enthuse the masses. Instead, we have the usual academic caution not to beat the utilitarian drum too loudly, whereas all the evidence goes to show, at the moment, that the drum of science must be banged its loudest, to the smashing point, if we are to win through and be saved both in the present military war and in the great commercial and industrial war which must follow it—

as others are sure not only to beat the utilitarian drum but to play the full orchestra of science against us.

One of the weakest sections of the address is that dealing with organisation. We are told that it is an absurdity to say that, as a nation, we are deficient in organising power. Nothing could bring out more clearly the fact that a foreign mind is speaking to us. If we are not deficient, why did Huxley, in days gone by, so strongly insist on the need of organising our efforts; why have so many others, during years past, continued to urge the vital importance of organisation? Have we not always gloried in the fact that we have acquired and held our Empire through individual effort—not through organisation? Is not the expression "to muddle through" a recognised English idiom? But we begin to understand the "argument" on reading:—

"The cry for organisation, justifiable as it no doubt often is, resolves itself therefore into a cry for increased discipline; by which I do not mean the discipline enforced at the point of the bayonet but that accepted by the individual who voluntarily subordinates his personal convictions to the will of a properly constituted authority. This discipline is not an inborn quality which belongs more to one nation than to another; it is acquired by education and training."

Even the man in the street will not be deluded by this pronouncement. Nothing will make the real Briton the tame tool the German becomes almost at once. And the Briton asks for proof that the authority is properly constituted before thinking whether he will accept it. At all events, many at present cannot accept the author of such feeble contentions as "a properly constituted authority" in any of his offices. If he desire to take rank in his adopted country, he will let as little time as possible lapse before retiring into private life.

Finance and the Government

By Raymond Radclyffe

Mr. Asquith tells us that the present cost of the war is five millions a day, and he holds out no hope of any reduction. The average person cannot grasp such figures—and doesn't want to. The Government is spending vast sums each week in all the industrial centres; manufacturers are making huge profits, workmen are getting very high wages. The country has been "doped." But the progress of the war is so slow that most people cannot see it; they only know that they are making money. Taxation at the moment of writing this is extremely light, being no more than two hundred and forty millions, or one-tenth of the estimated national income. The bulk of this taxation is borne by the rich. Indeed, the workman only contributes to the cost of the war when he consumes excisable goods such as beer, tobacco, or tea. Whether the present Government will dare to tax everybody is uncertain.

But the point we have to consider is: Can Great Britain go on paying eighteen hundred and twenty millions a year until the war is over? I have said that the annual income is estimated at £2,400,000,000, but that is only a guess, and one made in the good days of peace. Can anyone afford to spend £182 a year on fireworks if he only receives £240? For that is what it amounts to. The bulk of the money goes in destruction, or, as we call it, "war." The accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom has been guessed by statistical gentlemen at seventeen thousand millions; no one can check such figures, and the calculations by which the total is arrived at may be questioned. But the amount is, perhaps, roughly correct. If the war lasts three years, and that is Lord Kitchener's estimate, then we shall have wasted one-third of our total wealth. But this is on the assumption that we continue as rich as we were when the statistical gentlemen made up their figures. But we have invested huge sums in Canada, Brazil and

Mexico, and other countries, and already much of this has dwindled, if not altogether vanished. No one can open his newspaper without noting that this or that company cannot pay interest on its bond issue—has, in short, defaulted. The loss since the war began has run into hundreds of millions, so we are burning the candle at both ends—losing our money on war and not getting in as much as we did from abroad.

We are, above all, a nation of merchant bankers; we make most of our money by lending our capital in return for orders for goods; we get the interest on the capital, the profit on the goods, freights, and commission. We finance produce all over the world, back other people's bills and make them pay. The bulk of this business is being slowly killed by the war. Our manufacturers are busy making war supplies for the troops; our financiers are not allowed under the new Treasury Rules to finance foreign enterprise. Our ships are commandeered by the Navy; our national income is dwindling; our national wealth disappearing under the attrition of war.

Much of the loss is inevitable. But a great deal of it can be prevented. The waste is enormous. The War Office is flinging money out of the window with both hands. Food is given to the pigs; middlemen absorb huge commissions; orders are given regardless of prime cost. The Admiralty is a business enterprise run on business lines, and every contract is considered; but all the other Government departments waste money recklessly. It is believed that orders to the tune of three hundred millions have been given to the United States, where Messrs. Morgans are our sole buying agents. The rough estimate of profit on this is one hundred millions to those who make the goods, exclusive of Messrs. Morgans' commission. I submit that $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. is too much, especially as the country may have to pay a good many millions loss on exchange. No one can say how much. To show how careless are those who make these contracts, the agreement with Morgans provides that all the goods are to be paid for in New York. Now, when it was first settled that this firm were to be appointed sole agents, it would have been quite easy to have agreed that the goods were to be paid for in London. Morgans have a London house, and very little persuasion

would have been needed. Then the question of exchange would never have cropped up, and the taxpayer would not have been mulcted in heavy charges which, in this case at any rate, were avoidable. Our lawyer politicians are not men of business, and they lack foresight.

The whole subject of the American Exchange is one upon which it is difficult to speak with calmness. The European nations at war with Germany soon found that they could not make enough war material, and they ordered freely from the United States. Almost as soon as the war began that country began to import less, and the exports grew larger and larger each month. August, 1914, showed nearly 19½ million dollars excess of imports over exports. But September showed on the wrong side for Europe, and the seven months ending July 31st showed an excess of exports over imports of $960,878,054. The last five months of the year will be much heavier, and we can calculate upon a total of at least $1,500,000,000, which bill Europe must pay, less freight, interest which America owes Europe, and remittances which the United States sends to its relations and friends in Europe. Now, everybody who studies finance knew exactly what would happen. As the exports exceeded the imports, so must exchange go against Europe. France took measures and established a small credit through Brown Brothers, but we did nothing until the exchange had begun to fall seriously. We remitted nearly $100,000,000 of gold through Canada, and over $20,000,000 from London; we also shipped $34,500,000 of American securities. Still the exchange was weak. The position became so serious that in the end Lord Reading, Sir Edward Holden, and two Treasury officials were sent across the Atlantic to arrange a loan.

This was undignified, and it is not quite certain whether the mission will be completely successful, neither is it known whether the ambassadors will be able to borrow on the security of Great Britain and France, or whether any collateral will be required. The mission has roused much ill-feeling in financial circles, and has consolidated the hostile element in Wall Street. There was not the smallest necessity to send anyone at all. The whole thing could have been arranged six months ago without the smallest difficulty. Mr. Vanderlip, of the City National Bank, had been in

communication with London bankers on the subject of a credit, and he declared that his bank was prepared to sell short-dated notes to the interior banks of America and thus establish practically all the credit that was required. The London bankers were consulted, and agreed that such a credit would be of immense advantage and would prevent the exchange from falling. It was suggested that these short-dated notes could be guaranteed either by the British Government or by the Bank of England on behalf of the Government, or, indeed, by the Joint Stock banks themselves under an agreement with the Government. The price at which they were to be sold and the interest they were to carry were, of course, to be matters of arrangement; but seven months ago the credit of the British Government was extremely good, for the War Loan had not been floated, and there had been no fall in exchange. This arrangement would have been kept almost a secret. There are no real secrets in finance, but, at any rate, only insiders would have known the exact amount of the loan, and the credit could have been enlarged as occasion required by a little extra energy on the part of the City National Bank and Messrs. Morgans, who were to have arranged the distribution throughout the States. The London bankers consulted with Lord Cunliffe, who, either on his own behalf or on behalf of the Treasury, scoffed at the notion, and declared that such a business arrangement would seriously damage the credit of the British Empire!

I have no hesitation in saying that had our Government realised the position into which the exchange was falling, they would have hesitated a long time before they refused what was really a splendid offer. British credit would not have been damaged, exchange would not have fallen, and the German element in Wall Street would never have been able to attack us in the manner that it is now doing. Indeed, the Germans would never have known anything about the matter until everything had been settled.

The financial arrangements made by the Treasury have been a muddle from the very beginning. The only good thing done was the agreement about acceptances. The bulk of the rules under which the Stock Exchange now works were quite unnecessary, and will prove totally in-

efficient. They simply complicate a position which would have cleared itself had time only been given. They stopped business, and they will, in the end, force the solvent members of the Stock Exchange into meeting the liabilities of the insolvent members. The first War Loan with its ridiculous promise to lend money up to the issue price at 1 per cent. under bank rate was a mistake, and it was soon found that the Bank of England could not comfortably accommodate those who wished to pawn. Therefore, when the second loan was brought out, conversion terms were arranged in the hope of thus getting rid of the loan conditions. The second War Loan was subscribed to the extent of about five hundred millions. The other hundred millions was squeezed out of the Joint Stock banks, whose assets it is of the utmost importance to the nation should be kept liquid. Here, also, a mistake was made. The money that was secured on this loan will probably have been spent by the end of this month, and another loan will have to be arranged. The sale of Treasury bills over the counter resulted in a large floating debt, and these bills will have to be renewed at a much higher rate of interest. There was no necessity at all to have sold these bills. It would have been much better to have made a permanent loan, which could then have been effected without any difficulty at 4 per cent. The nation is now called upon to sell more Treasury bills at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in order to repay those falling due, thus making a clear loss of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. How will the Government finance itself until a new loan can be floated? That is the question that everyone is asking to-day. Treasury bills are no longer popular. The rate has been raised to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the sales have fallen to about three millions a week. It is extremely probable that we shall find the Government offering 5 per cent. or even higher terms during the forthcoming autumn. We are supposed to be a nation of business men, but unfortunately our Government has got into the hands of the lawyer politician, who may be clever in the art of political strategy, but who is certainly quite incapable of business.

Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES
FOR
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

THE public are urgently requested to hand in at any Post Office

BOOKS or MAGAZINES

which they can spare, to be sent by organisations approved by the WAR OFFICE and ADMIRALTY to Soldiers and Sailors at home, or abroad, in camp, at the front, in hospital, or detained as Prisoners of War.

NO POSTAGE NEED BE PAID.

NO WRAPPING OR ADDRESS NEEDED

THE NEED IS GREAT.

By Command of the Postmaster General.

Economies or Necessities

"We have much pleasure in renewing our "subscription to your Review. It has been "a great delight to us during the past "twelve months, and in spite of war "economies, we felt it to be one of the "necessities."

The above is one of many similar letters received from Subscribers to

The English Review

A specimen copy will be sent post free to a friend in any part of the world on receipt of name and address and three penny stamps.

The Manager, ENGLISH REVIEW,
17-21, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

THE RED CROSS
IN
THE GREAT WAR

Will you not help in this great work by contributing, however little, to the funds of the Red Cross? The least which those of us who are compelled to stay at home can do is to help the Red Cross to succour in their hour of need the brave and patriotic men hazarding their lives in defence of our freedom and our very existence.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO—

BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. (E.R.)

PRINTED IN GT. BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., LONDON, S.E., AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY H. E. SEAGERS, 17-21, TAVISTOCK ST., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 17-21, TAVISTOCK ST., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.